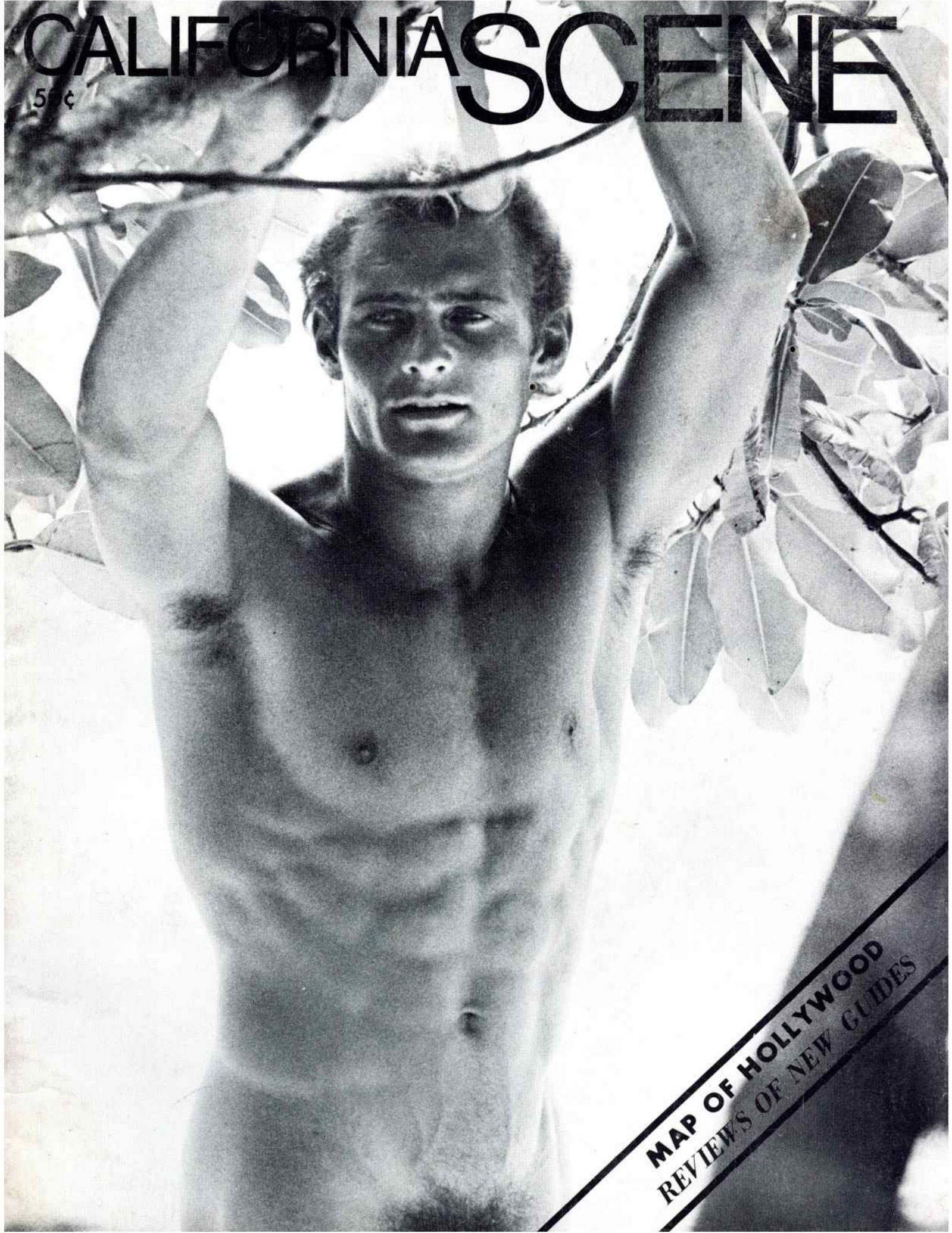


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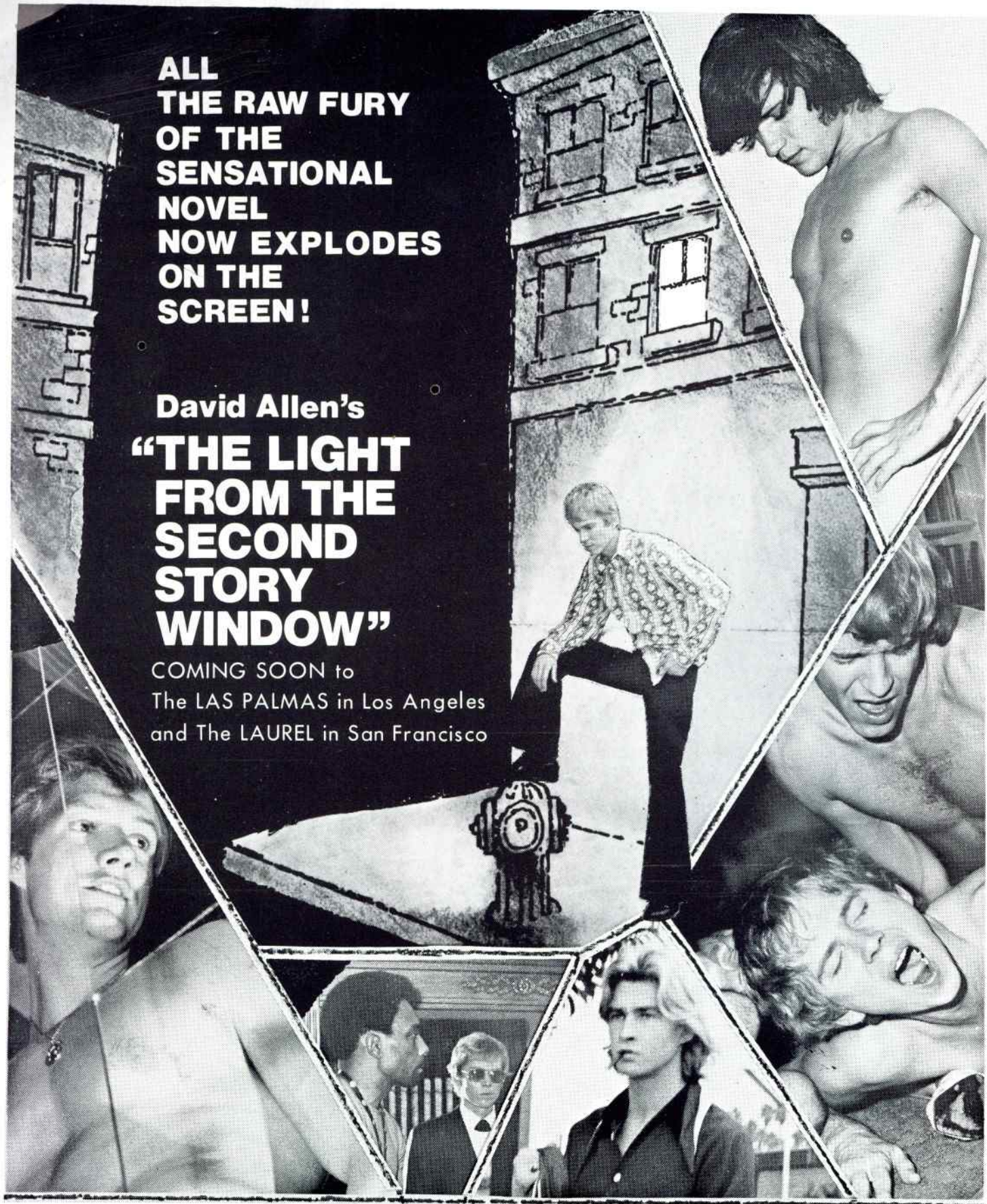


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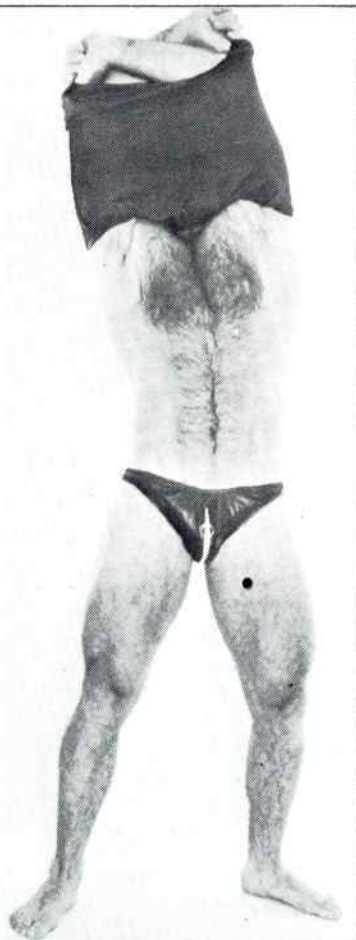
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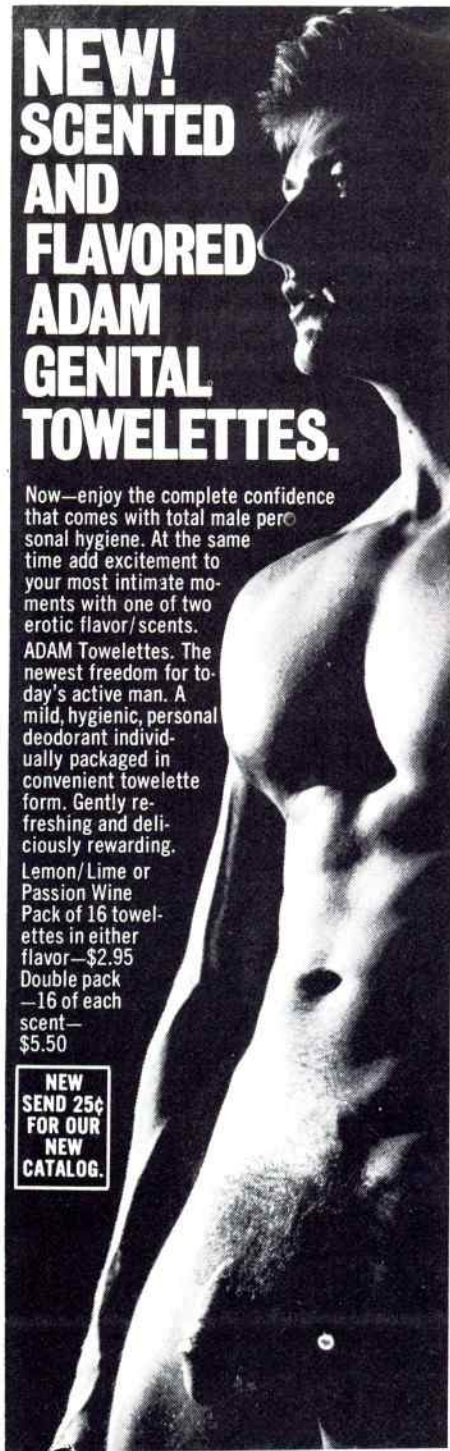
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## EDITORIAL

Although the tumultuous recent history of HELP, the Los Angeles civil rights society, has gained statewide attention, there now seems reason to hope that sweet reason will prevail following installation of the new president, John Embry.

Dissenters from the ruling clique of HELP have been approached with fresh olive branches. We take that to mean Embry realizes the thorny task he has undertaken, and now seeks as much goodwill and support as he can muster in the aftermath of the acrimonious charges surrounding his unorthodox election and other procedural matters affecting the organization.

HELP surely needs a broader base of support and confidence within its membership and from the community at large. It remains to be seen if John Embry can persuade such antipathetic personalities as those of founder Cliff Lettieri and outgoing President Larry Townsend to coexist for the general good. Time will tell if the new president can open up HELP to wider membership participation, making it less the private preserve of some members who regard it as their exclusive society requiring other members only to pay their dues and accept decisions (like election results) in which they had little to say. It has always seemed to us that SIR of San Francisco is a model of how a participatory democratic group can function effectively for all whom it wishes to represent.

While it is true that the membership at large doesn't take, and hasn't taken, an active interest in HELP's workings, that does not give the board of directors *carte blanche* to operate with dictatorial powers. What can save HELP now is renewed, concerted and honest attempts to involve the rank and file of its constituents. When less than twenty per cent of the membership voted in the recent board election, it is clear that something has been drastically amiss.

Now is the time for a new program, a new image, a new approach to problems and opportunities of common interest, while at the same time hanging on to the positive gains and achievements of the past two years.

**OUR COVER**

The handsome cover man is Adam Stuart from Roy Dean's forthcoming book, *The Naked Image*. See also page 18.

SEE SPECIAL COUPON OFFER FOR LEVI CLUB (EL MONTE) ON P. 29.

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# San Francisco



The lobby at Big Town.

# San Francisco

## 73

Spring was early this year—more like summer really, and all the clubs and baths with sundecks did a roaring daytime trade—and who says you can't get a tan in the Bay Area in March? With such weather there is nowhere else on earth that you would rather be, the only necessities being a fat wallet and a lithe body to withstand the strain.

Big Town finally opened early in March. Snide remarks, prophesies of certain failure, intimations of 'funny money backing'—indeed, all manner of remarks were to be heard. Much of the brouhaha stemmed from the fact that the participants in this ambitious complex of shops and bars (plus a restaurant) hailed from what local residents regard as Chicago West, that is, L.A. None of this proved true and the quiet but sudden opening was the biggest news in town. Such was the influx to the site of the new project at Sixth and Folsom that the formal grand opening weeks later was an anticlimax. Since its very first weekend Big Town has had a minimum of snafus, of disgruntled customers. As the year progresses Big Town (but what a name!) can only add luster to the Miracle Mile.

At The Ramrod recently a short

segment of 20th Century-Fox's *The Laughing Policeman* was filmed one Saturday morning. When this thriller is released late in the year you may recognize some of the thirty customers in full leather who acted as extras. Even though Walter Matthau is the star of the movie he does not appear in this sequence but we won't try to impress you with a list of the stars who under one guise or another visited this famous bar during the filming. *The Laughing Policeman* is not Officer Blackstone of the SFPD but Walter Matthau, hunting a maniacal sex killer.

Verily, the action center of all California is on or off Folsom Street—Jose, that San Francisco original, is at The Roundup most Sunday evenings, the Ritch Street Baths has drawn all manner of notables, including Rudolf Nureyev. And to keep you up to date let me mention that what was Casey's Frontier is now a graduate version of the unique Stud up by Fe-Be's and is called The 1145 Saloon. It's in the Folsom Street Barracks building—and if you inquire at the right time or book far enough in advance it is possible to stay at this unusual caravanserai as you would in a hotel although some travelers report that it is noisy, what with late night philosophical seminars and seventies music for atmosphere. As for my use of the word 'caravanserai' it just seems appropriate—not that I ever met a camel at The Barracks though I distinctly remember encountering what looked like a small sheep dog supping milk in the locker room late one night but thought better of inquiring as to how he found the fair city of San Francisco. You never know these days who is what and so forth due to a frequency of incantations and spells.

Latest items from the Castro-18th Street gay village: The Twilight is now called Dick's-On-Castro and is part of the Stud-Folsom Barracks—No Name Bar group so this new name in the now famous Castro Village is certainly another reason for cruising, browsing and shopping there.

One of the oldest gay discotheque-dance bars in the West and one of the largest bars anywhere, The Rendezvous on Sutter Street, recently held its ninth anniversary. Just a few blocks downhill from the Fairmont and the Mark Hopkins there is nothing but a neon sign to indicate the frantic dance scene and the hundreds of handsome young guys at the top of one of the longest flights of stairs in town. If you are thirty or under or just feel that way The Rendezvous is worth a visit even if you don't feel like dancing after that trip up the stairway.

A few blocks away, mercifully downhill and on the ground floor, is another well-known dance bar, The Alley Cat, which also displays attractive go-go boys, bikini-ed at the moment because of legal pressure. A few doors away a pussy-bar was still displaying completely naked girls the last time we checked so what's good for the straight goose is not necessarily good for the gay gander, even dear old Frisco. The Alley Cat is located in a short alley at the corner of Mason and O'Farrell Street, just across from the Hilton.

As for the other bare-boy bars of the winter season, The Gaslight is closed tight again and The Hans Off is undergoing a change of tempo to a German-style beer garden. Over in Oakland Ruby's continues to display lithe and attractive dancers, also bikini-clad, alack!—in a cage high up at one end of the bar, another reason for spending an evening across the Bay.

Along Polkstrasse, or just off it, there are about two dozen bars and restaurants and businesses that make an evening along there well spent. Later at night some of the more brazen lads of the evening along there indicate their reduced prices with hand signals they must have learned from bookies out at the race track—and just as at the horse track taking a chance on one of these studs can be a real gamble. A bar or club is the much preferred meeting place and if music be the food of love there are four or five comfortable cocktail bars to start

*(Continued on Page 30)*



*(photo by Lee Mason)*

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### TWO LOS ANGELES GALAS

The Lulu Awards, one of the more durable and consistently well-produced of the many gay bar and business functions around the state each year, were held again at the old *Ciro's* (now *Art Laboe's Club*) on the *Sunset Strip*. This year's Lulus affair was the eighth and although it did not seem as splendid as the event two years ago at the *Sheraton Universal* it was the consensus of the evening's large crowd that all the primping and the costuming was worth it. Lew Schirtzinger and his buddy, Dee Dias, who run *El Poquito Restaurant* in *Studio City* were the hosts and originators of this gala. The well-paced musical numbers and the many camp and public service awards

were emceed by San Francisco's Michelle (star of *Hello, Dolly!*) and by Gene Hoptree of L.A.

Most notable of the awards was that presented to Cliff Lettieri, former president of *HELP, Inc.*, the troubled Los Angeles-based civil rights organization that at one time was believed to be becoming a Southern California version of San Francisco's *SIR*. Cliff did much to get *HELP* on its feet two years ago. Other popular awards were given to entertainers Craig Russell, Jerry Grasse, and to that rotund bartender and character about the San Fernando Valley known as *Twiggy*. Ann Dee, the singer, also received an award and like the other entertainers present, did her bit to wild  
(Continued on Page 26)

TOP LEFT: Leo Lawrence, formerly with "Vector" and "The Advocate" and who now heads his own public relations and counseling agency in Los Angeles.  
TOP RIGHT: Cliff Lettieri, one of the founders of *HELP, Inc.* (center) with friends Gary and Sherry of the *Oxwood Inn* at the Lulu Awards in April.  
LEFT CENTER: Miss Georgia Brown of the *Traffic Jam*, Long Beach, strikes an optimistic pose when asked about 'her' chances in the heavily contested *Empress of Long Beach* election.  
UPPER RIGHT CENTER: Saul of *Data-Boy* with Luigi, the *Emperor of Los Angeles*.  
LOWER RIGHT CENTER: Billy Carroll, the entertainer, receives a Lulu Award from Gene Hoptree. San Francisco's Michelle is on left.  
BOTTOM LEFT: Michelle (left) and Gene (right) were the emcees at the eighth annual Lulu Awards with their originator, Lew Schirtzinger (center) of *El Poquito*.  
BOTTOM RIGHT: *Twiggy*, the popular San Fernando Valley bartender (right) receives his Lulu Award from Michelle.





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# MOVIE TIME



*LUDWIG* — MGM release. Directed by Luchino Visconti. Screenplay by Visconti and Enrico Medioli. Stars Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider and Trevor Howard.

Visconti, that tired Italian director of modest talent, offers the public another of his pseudo-historical film essays, this one dealing with the last (and madder-than-rest-of-his-ancestors) King of Bavaria, which was soon to be absorbed into modern Germany under Bismarck. Visconti is obviously smitten with Helmut Berger's prettiness, for here again, as in *The Damned*, Berger plays a decadent and mad faggot, yet one who is fatally beautiful. The true history of this minor but mad king forms the sketchy background for a tedious and surprisingly boring film. Directed at a snail's pace that allows the customer to admire the usual misty landscapes and the usual boats (remember *Death in Venice*?) chugging here and there. Poor, lovely Helmut minces from scene to scene in a role made for Charles Pierce or some other well-known impersonator.

What is patently offensive about this film is Visconti's linking madness with homosexuality. Could it be a Somerset Maugham-like bitter regret for not having come out of the closet? In *Ludwig* (called 'Twilight of the Gods' in the European version) we find the handsome king seeking release more and more with other men as he becomes madder and more decayed. Visconti's view of homosexuality is not original: in fact, in certain quarters it is the accepted viewpoint. Inasmuch as Visconti's films command a vast public the harm that such a perverse attitude and thinking can do must surely be incalculable, reinforcing the pernicious herd attitude toward homosexuality and negating much of the good work and hard won legal and publicity battles achieved in the past decade by intelligent groups, gay and straight, from Los

Angeles to Paris to London to Sydney. One can only say to this embittered old man, who has apparently missed the homosexual bus—that he doth protest too much.

Otherwise, there is little to make the average filmgoer rush down to the theatre to waste two and a half hours on the boring goings-on to verify my plaint. Just take my word for it or risk falling asleep.

\*\*\*\*

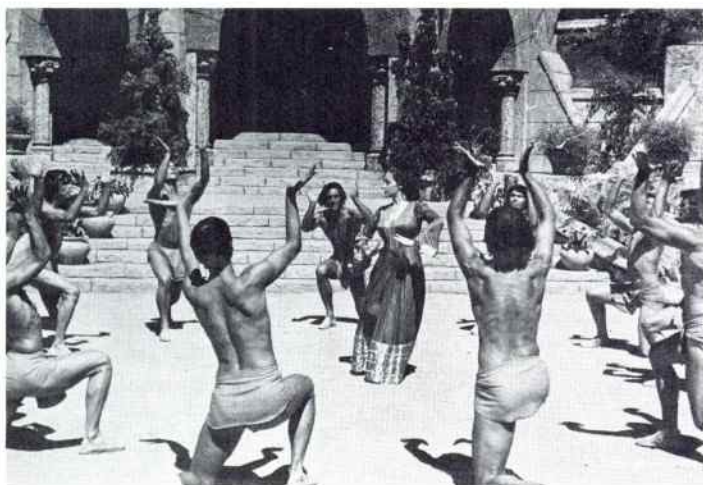
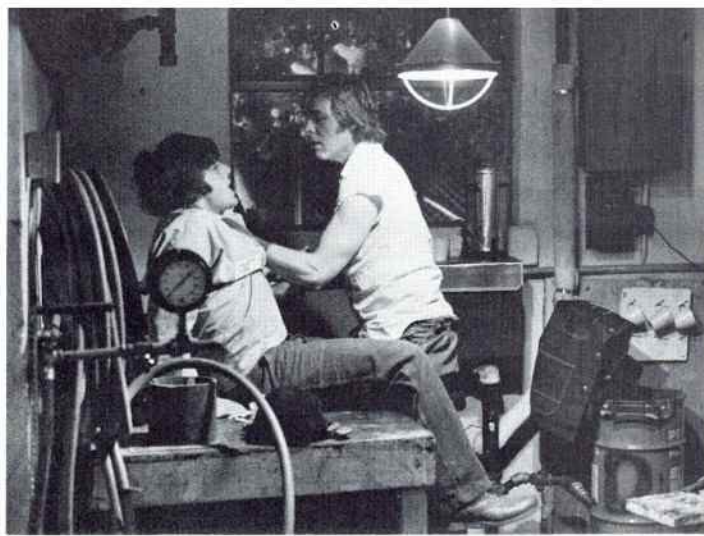
*LOST HORIZON*. Columbia Pictures. Ross Hunter's Musical Production of *Lost Horizon*. Music by Burt Bacharach. Lyrics by Hal David. Starring Peter Finch, Liv Ullman, Sally Kellerman, George Kennedy, Michael York, Bobby Van, James Shigeta, and Charles Boyer as the High Lama. Screenplay by Larry Kramer. Based on the novel by James Hilton.

*Lost Horizon*, without a doubt, definitely deserves to win the 1973 Award for "Picture of the Year to Miss."

With a single-mindedness of purpose inherent in only a few of the Hollywood greats, Ross Hunter has managed to turn the legendary Shangri-La into nothing more than (and I must say it) Shangri-Blah. Long on great interior decorating ideas, this movie is short on just about everything else. The plot flows like a stream of very thick molasses on a very cold day and the emotional conflicts presented almost reach the intensity of a good Jack-in-the-Box commercial.

Reshuffling only the best scenes from *The King and I* and *The Sound of Music*, Hunter has managed to create a land as lovely as it is empty. *Lost Horizon* might better be called *Lost Dream* for somewhere in this translation to the screen, the great and intensely personal struggle of Hilton's 1936 hero as he searched for peace and a meaning to life, has been deliberately lost in the more immediate

(Continued on Page 22)



TOP LEFT: Al Pacino rejects the jail trusty's advances in "Scarecrow."  
 TOP RIGHT: Romy Schneider and Marlon Brando essay a tango in "Last Tango in Paris."  
 LEFT CENTER: Ryan O'Neal and Jacqueline Bisset in "The Thief Who Came to Dinner."  
 CENTER RIGHT: Ray Todd gives a welcome to a friend in "The Light From the Second Story Window" to be shown statewide this summer.  
 ABOVE LEFT: Helmut Berger as Ludwig of Bavaria is toasted by Helmut Griem on his coronation day.  
 ABOVE RIGHT: Olivia Hussey, the principal ballerina of Shangri-La in the baptismal number from "Lost Horizon."  
 ON RIGHT: Max Von Sydow as a Swedish farmer in Minnesota in "The Emigrants."  
 FAR RIGHT: Paul Winfield and Kevin Hooks are father and son in the very moving "Sounder."





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# CURTAIN UP

*A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE* by Tennessee Williams. The Ahmanson Theatre, Los Angeles. Through April 28.

Stanley Kowalski, it seems, wasn't such a rotten fellow after all. When *A Streetcar Named Desire* stopped again in Los Angeles this spring for a twenty-fifth anniversary revival, those of us who still shudder at the terrible 1951 screen clash between Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh were given a thoughtful second look at what happened when Kowalski's pitifully arrogant, boozy, half-crazy sister-in-law tried to break up his little pad in the French Quarter. Within the limits of his ignorance and intolerance, he put up with a bad situation longer than a lot of men would have.

Talk around town was that Jon Voight, a beautiful and amiable young man, just wasn't strong enough to come across as the slavering brute we know Kowalski to be. But this handsome, well-received production had the blessing of Tennessee Williams himself. The author helped prepare it and was conspicuously present (at least one night) to laugh raucously at his own lines.

Indeed, a person unfamiliar with the play might have sat through the first act thinking this was going to be a knockabout comedy. Faye Dunaway, as Blanche, seemed to float through it as if Blanche had fortified herself for her intrusion with a whiskey break along the line.

Only in the second act, when Blanche begins to focus on Stanley's buddy Mitch, does the Aristotelian catharsis of pity and horror begin to settle in. Miss Dunaway's stage personality grows perceptibly as she grips the tragic aspects of this miserable, pathetic piece of human wreckage. Her desperate-gay greeting to her hapless beau—"My RosenKAVALier"—is the opening note of what moves inevitably to the shattering end. Miss Dunaway is young for her part (remember, Blanche was over the hill, among

her other woes) but she grows into it. Hers is a remarkable performance.

The unusual readjustment of character balances in this revival has Earl Holliman, the screen veteran who plays Mitch, emerging as a man easily as *macho* as Kowalski. His reluctance to present Blanche to his mother seems to be good sense rather than nice-nelliness. Holliman, too, develops during the evening as he gropes for a way out of the monstrousness all around him. Lee McCain is a forthright, matter-of-fact Stella, more of a reactor to the others than a personality of individual cravings.

The production moves swiftly under the direction of James Bridges, a sometime TV writer who is establishing solid credits for himself in Hollywood. The New Orleans tenement setting is beguiling, almost pleasant, as in fact it must have been to Stanley and Stella.

After only twenty-five years, *A Streetcar Named Desire* is an American classic. We now see that it fits a basic requirement of the masterpiece: that it can be interpreted in more ways than one. Even if the Ahmanson revival had not been as thrillingly good theatre as it was, that second look was well worth taking. It isn't one that passes easily out of the mind.

*MIND WITH THE DIRTY MAN* — By Jules Tascia. Mark Taper Forum through April 28. Directed by Edward Parone. (Continued on Page 32)

TOP LEFT: Alan Bates and Hayward Morse were the gay protagonists in the brief but very successful run of Simon Gray's play "Butley," seen in San Francisco and Los Angeles this month.

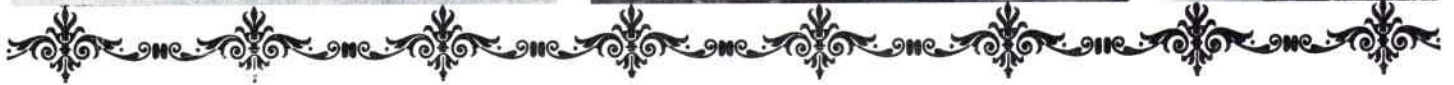
TOP RIGHT: Vera Stough and Dennis McLaughlin in the West Coast premiere of "Small Craft Warning" at the Xoregos Dance Theatre, San Francisco (weekends only).

BELOW LEFT: Alan Weeks and Paula Kelly in the record-breaking "Don't Bother Me I Can't Cope" at the Huntington Hartford, Hollywood.

BELOW CENTER: Peter Strauss and Joe Flynn in the new comedy "The Mind With the Dirty Man" at the Mark Taper Forum thru May.

BELOW ON RIGHT (TOP): Lee Medrud as Garson in the Los Angeles version of "Norman, Is That You?" at the Ebony Showcase Theatre.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Mike Sims as Norman in the San Francisco version at the On-Broadway.

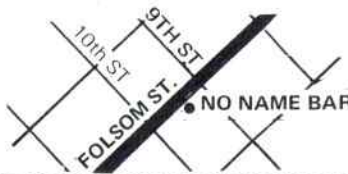


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With the summer nigh the number of showbars has continued to diminish. Only one new place opened in Los Angeles, The Park on Melrose and apparently doing very well by catering to a mostly gay clientele. The Park has three shows on Thursday, Friday and Saturday which feature local entertainers of note—Felicia Farr and Kimberley Allen are two. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays the new owners hope to get the leather and levi crowd in by offering specials but no shows and on Friday and Saturday there is coffee until dawn.

Elsewhere the old reliables such as The Queen Mary and The Redwood Room continue to draw good attendance by appealing to straights and Gays. In San Diego The Showbiz maintains a similar type of carefully produced show that keeps that bar busy whenever the show is on; again, the audiences are mostly straight, especially on weekends, although most gay visitors to that pleasant eternally summery city include The Showbiz on their tour of gay spots.

In San Francisco fortunately there is Gold Street, offering shows of a totally professional quality that can be appreciated and enjoyed by anyone. Michael Greer is there now. Charles Pierce sparkled there all winter. Cass Daley, George Buchanan and John Rothermel, as well as Craig Russell were other names to draw the crowds to that elegant night spot during recent months. Much of the amateur and very original talent in the city has been directed into special productions, the most recent of which was the second Chuck Largent Revue at

The Village. The now famous and delightful versions of *Mame* and *Hello, Dolly!* have inspired the City Players group to hit the boards with their production of *The Boy Friend* later this year. And that is about all there is to write about this spring—the audience is there and although at times it is exceedingly hard to coax a mere dollar or two from the public by way of cover charge or admission fee to a good show (at Gold Street on weekends they were just about hanging from the chandeliers to see Charles Pierce on his latest appearance there, which brought many famous people back to that longtime nightclub, including Truman Capote. Also in San Francisco, The Frolic has the usual show which always seems to attract a crowd but as this is in the Tenderloin be careful who you meet, either in bars or on the street.

All sections of the entertainment world continue to suffer from a scarcity of new talent and original material, not the gay section alone. The costs in mounting a show that is all or mostly pantomime have just about reached the level of the live shows but there has been a noticeable dropping off in attendance at the mime shows except where the performer can do his bit on an almost individual level with the customers, as at Hollywood's Florentine Room where the numbers are done behind the bar and everyone has a front-row intimacy with the performer. Later this month Jose returns for two weekends to the Victor Hugo Inn in Long Beach.



TOP LEFT: Recording artist Vince Valenti sings of broken hearts and bittersweet affairs each night at San Francisco's PS.

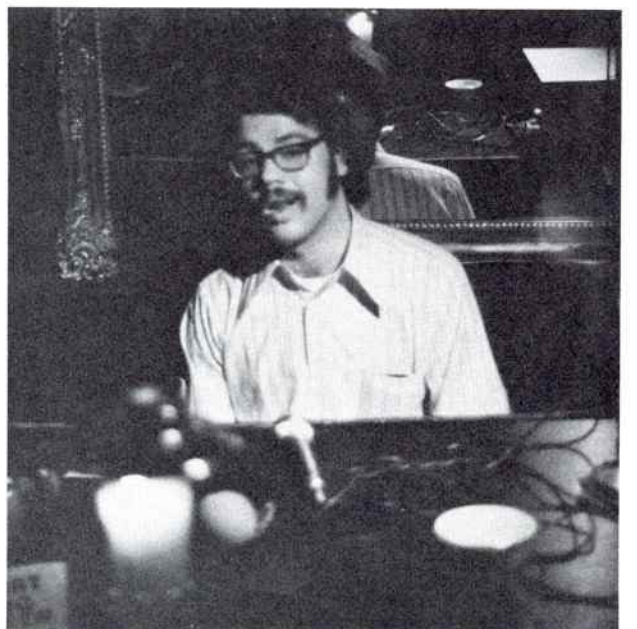
TOP RIGHT: Pianist, Bob Sanders helps the Cole Porter revival at San Francisco's Purple Pickle nightly.

LEFT CENTER: High above the bar—and covered up—a go-go dancer at Ruby's in Oakland.

RIGHT CENTER: Jose, the original Empress, was one of the stars of the Chuck Largent Revue in San Francisco last month. He will be at Victor Hugo's, Long Beach, for the last two weekends in May.

BOTTOM LEFT: A threesome from the Toy Tiger at the recent Lulu Awards in Hollywood: Pianist Tony Powers (center) with Ken (left) and Bob.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Pianist Bob Bendorff plays merrily at The Mint, San Francisco each Friday and Saturday night.



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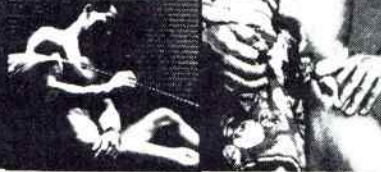
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# Book Reviews



## NEW GUIDE BOOKS:

Summertime is surely not far away when the mail brings three gay guides in a week. The international edition of the 1973 *Swingers Overseas Gay Guide* is now in its second year, has considerably more data than the first edition and is attractively printed and very light in weight. It deals in a definitive manner with most of the European places the average traveler goes and has a very up-to-date section on Morocco, no longer apparently, a homosexual Nirvana. An added bonus is a section on Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Mexico. Dealing with these areas the author, who has visited all the places described in his book—wow! what stamina!—does not mince words and the reader gets the impression that he has edited his work in a meticulous and commendable fashion, so that not one word is superfluous.

This four-star guide is not only easily recommended to every intending traveler but due to its light weight would make an excellent gift to send to foreign friends who might read English.

The *SOS Guide* is in most bookstores around the state or write to the publishers, DQ Publications, Box 27781, Los Angeles 90027 and send five dollars, which includes first-class postage.

*Spartacus International Gay Guide*—3rd edition. Euro-Spartacus, Box 3496, Amsterdam, Holland. Price from the publisher: \$5 by surface mail; \$6 airmail. Cash is requested or money orders accepted at a \$2 surcharge, i.e., \$7 and \$8.

Here is a guidebook with pages and pages of listings from Moscow to the Sahara; from Paris to Australia; that is calculated to make one pack up and leave for a 'round-the-world tour in the real sense. Until, that is, one realizes that well over half the places listed are given more as 'any-port-in-a-storm' references

and not as an indication that gay-sex has suddenly swept a very uptight and still generally unfriendly world as far as the homosexual is concerned. So it must be made clear that many of the bars and hotels listed in the more remote and exotic corners of the globe are those tourist meeting places that any gay traveler would sniff out on his own.

For more traveled regions—Europe and North Africa, this excellently printed and bound guide is very reliable and contains maps and some advertisements for bars and hotels.

The *Spartacus Guide* contains three hundred and twenty-four pages and considering that number it is compact and weighs about eight ounces, making it easy to carry.

It is printed in three languages: English, French and German and each country dealt with is prefaced by some remarks about the local attitude toward homosexuality which are fairly accurate. There is no section on North America—the Bob Damron Addressbook is recommended for that area—and for less traveled lands such as Angola, Venezuela and Chile it is best to check out the addresses given before setting out for a night on the town. I noted several misspellings in Spanish and Portuguese street names which could make them difficult to find. This advice applies to most guides on foreign lands. Again, check out the addresses in a phone book or on a map before going out on the town in a strange city, no matter what the guidebooks tell you—or for that matter, a knavish taxi driver.

When treating of Europe the author obviously relied on information supplied by German-speaking tourists and then failed to translate the German name into its English equivalent—two of the listings for Russia are garbled in this way and

when referring to the city center in Germanic countries the word 'centrum' is used exclusively.

For South America there is a small but amusing error when referring to Guyana (formerly British Guiana) as Gayana, which title it does not deserve—Georgetown, the capital being quite dull in every way. The Dutch colony next door (Surinam) is of more interest and the capital, a pleasant city called Paramaribo, has a few attractive Dutchmen around who might make your stopover a pleasant one.

In short, this helpful guide supercedes all previous books of this kind and for five dollars it's a real bargain.

The 1973-74 edition of the *Advocate's Barfly Guide* is now on sale, this year in two sections. One deals with bars, baths and other places of interest which lie west of the Mississippi and the other book covers the eastern states, Canada, Puerto Rico and Mexico. Good value and compact in size at three dollars each or five dollars for the two, it is inevitable that there are some bars listed in the big cities which are closed now, for in those cities all over the country the openings and closings are bewildering even from month to month. Still, all the traveler needs in the big cities is an accurate list of the major popular gay resorting places and *Barfly* lists them all. Now available from many bars, bookstores or from the *Advocate*, Box 74695, Los Angeles 90004 (\$5.25 including tax for the two sections).

*Words With Music*—Lehman Engel. \$7.95, Macmillan.

It costs a basic million dollars to stage a full-scale musical show on Broadway today, and perhaps one in ten of them will survive long enough to repay its investors. The producer, who may have spent two years or so putting it together, may spend that much additional time before he begins to realize a profit on his work. Thus, there is a market for a book of insights into what will succeed and what won't.

Lehman Engel, from the vantage point of nearly forty years as con-  
*Continued on Page 36)*

*New to S.F.*



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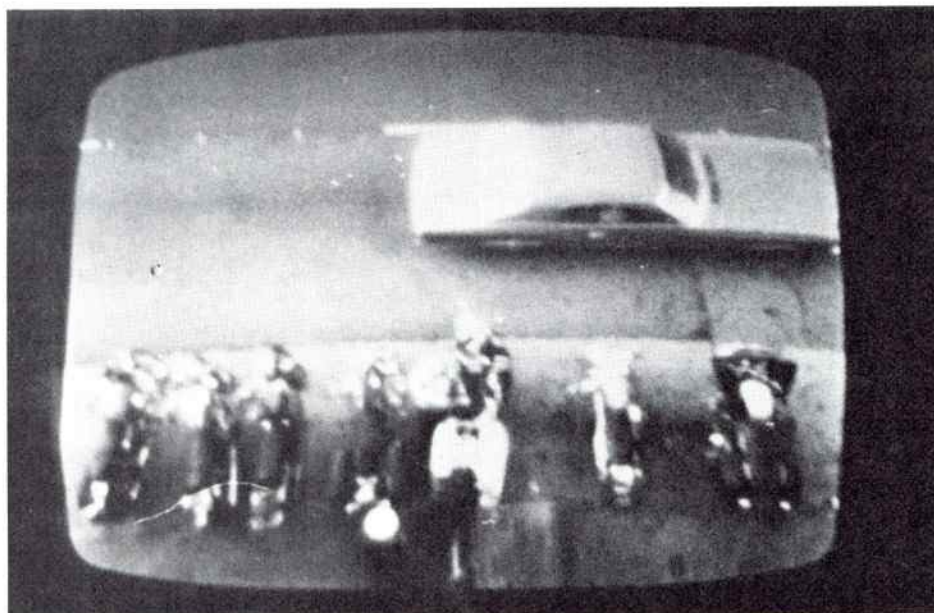
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# ROVER'S COLUMN



On the TV monitor in The Ramrod (San Francisco) the customers can watch their bikes outside.

With the arrival of beautiful spring weather the run season has started in earnest. New faces, new bikes and old faces with new injuries, all the result of careless auto drivers, have been seen at the slew of recent and interesting events, but first some highlights of more than routine interest from the first quarter of the year.

A relatively new club (only two years old), the Astronauts of L.A., showed the old pros how to give a party last February. They hosted a truly memorable Mexican buffet and cocktail party and stunned over three hundred and fifty guests with a brief and extremely clever show, most of which was performed live. For me this live show was a first, a most welcome change from all that pantomime. 'Twas a memorable evening and, need I say, no punch was served.

The weekend after this the venerable Barbary Coasters of S.F. were the hosts of the 7th Annual Academy Awards—always a great show in the best San Francisco tradition and held, as in other years, at Sea-

mens Hall. The CMC was predictably the winner of many awards, seven altogether, while L.A.'s 'South Atlantics', formerly associated with the CMC, were the big winners from Southern California, gaining three trophies, including that for best run of the year, which heretofore always went to one of the longer established and bigger clubs.

March started off with a bang as far as Rover was concerned. I joined ten other Californians for Mardi Gras in New Orleans, a club event sponsored by Cycle M/C of New York and to which clubs from all over the country and Canada were invited. Our group included that colorful duo, Matthew and Buddy of Glendale. I cannot give even a synopsis of the myriad activities, but I will say that a highlight had to be 'The Marshmallow Ball' which had a dear old film star from the forties and fifties as one of the judges. (Her last name? Oh, let's say that it is the same as an Italian city on the Adriatic.) As everyone knows the festivities go on day and night from Friday until late Tues-

day and I must say, if you have never seen Mardi Gras it is definitely a must—but once!

Already several noteworthy runs have taken place as part of the new season under way. There has been a 'Tax Break Run' in San Francisco, sponsored by the CMC and which ended with trophy awards and the mad J.J. Vandyke in charge of the entertainment and chaos at the latest popular bike bar, The No Name (was The Cow Palace) a block down Folsom from Fe-Be's.

In L.A. there was what was described as an 'Ozena' Run—for bikes only and which ended up with a wild party but *the* first big statewide run of the year is, of course, the Saddlesores' classic Easter Run, which draws almost four hundred guys from both north and south to a convenient campsite midway between L.A. and San Francisco. After this the big event that everyone looks forward to watching or competing in is the Victoria Vaginas Grecian Games on Memorial Day weekend within 100 miles of L.A.

That same weekend a small group from the Bay Area plans a three-day Shasta River Cruise, which will be something new. Ask around if you wish to participate.

In June the Glockenspiels will celebrate their fifth anniversary with suitable imperial pomp in Hollywood on the ninth and the following evening the Saddlesores celebrate their tenth anniversary, another event club members will not miss.

There's talk that some of the L.A. bike crowd are looking around for a restaurant-bar to serve as a meeting place and social center as do the 527 Club and the Country Club in San Francisco. Definitely a good idea but with soaring food costs it would have to be a liquor bar.

L.A. briefly: The 1170 should be open by Memorial Day, as it was.

S.F. briefly: Newest 'in' spot for the bike and leather crowd is The No Name Bar, which was briefly The Phoenix and once The Cow Palace. Ken of the Rainbow M/C is


(Continued on Page 30)




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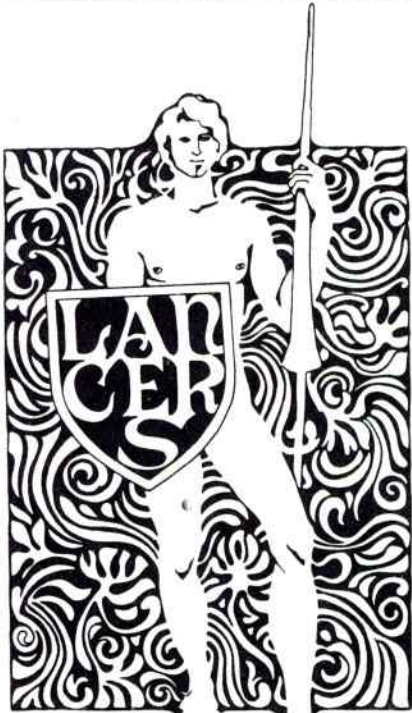
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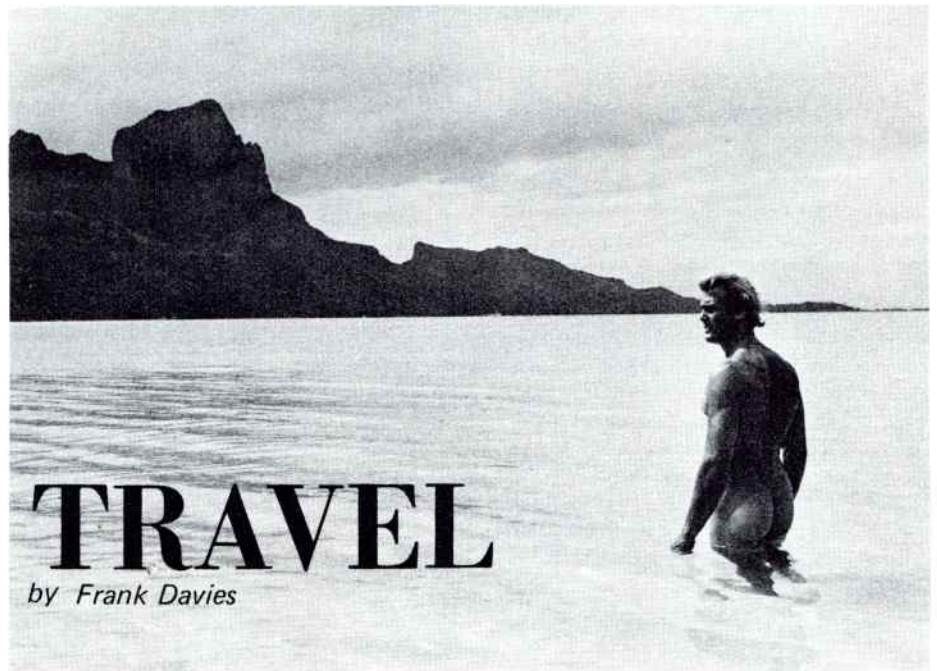
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# TRAVEL

by Frank Davies

The above photograph and this month's cover are from a new book, *The Naked Image*, by the Hollywood photographer and actor, Roy Dean. The subject of these studies is Adam Stuart, actor and model. The book will be on sale early in the summer and contains many excellent nude studies of Adam and other beautiful people. Last year we had several cover studies from Mr. Dean's current bestseller, *Before the Hand of Man*. Roy Dean's books may be obtained from Rho-Delta Press (see ad elsewhere) or from *Ah Men*, the clothiers.

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*QUESTION: I hear conflicting stories on Greece, especially Athens. Can you still have a wild time there?*

R. C. C.—Los Angeles

ANSWER: Depending upon what your scene is. Open homosexuality doesn't seem to exist in Greece anymore. There are still a lot of Gays there but government opposition to the gay scene has turned them all into closet queens. Most of the people you'd like to meet probably get out of the city every opportunity they have. The island of Mykonos is a very popular weekend stop. The pressures are a little less than in Athens and there is a nude gay beach. But even so, every time you have a sexual encounter your trick will keep one eye on you and one eye over his shoulder or on the door. Things are just pretty uptight. If you dig trade, hustlers or the like, you can usually have a ball. The problem will be haggling for their services—they seem to only understand those words and numbers in English that they want to

understand—and then finding a place to take care of the action. Since most of them won't have a place to take you and since your hotel will toss you out if you attempt to bring someone 'home' with you, the only alternative is a park in the dark or the back of a movie theatre. An alternate is the American and Canadian hippie. They are in Athens in abundance and will usually do anything for a hot shower and a meal. No problem with the hotel as long as he's an American too. A popular way of turning on the Greek trade numbers—such as bellboys, ship's stewards, etc.—is to carry a pornographic magazine. They are forbidden to be sold in Greece, but any tourist can have a couple with him for his 'own personal recreation'. There's nothing like a couple of pages of action nudes to turn the most indifferent piece of trade into the most passionate of lovers. Order a scotch and water and just happen to have your magazine open to an interesting page! *Voila!* Unless you are looking for a lot of searching and

little action, or unless you really dig the ruins of antiquity, Greece should be postponed until more opportune times.

\* \* \* \*

*QUESTION: I have only two days in Paris and am meeting my Swedish lover there. I told him I knew Paris well but do not. I don't want him to know I told a lie. We both like small, cozy, out-of-the-way places for dinner and fun. Can you help?*

*T.D.—Pittsburgh*

ANSWER: Everybody knows Paris well, whether they've been there or not. It's a state of mind more than a place and if you're there with your lover you're in the right state of mind. For the days just take any of the organized city tours or just walk. For the nights we suggest—Night One: Dinner at Le Brignolet at 29 rue de Montpensier, just up from the Palais Royal. Le Brignolet is one of those tiny, tiny French restaurants on a back street that you'd never find unless someone directed you. It seats maybe a dozen people and the menu is limited but top quality and relatively inexpensive. It's crowded, but tends to be cozy and intimate anyway. It's sort of a straight crowd until about nine and then is almost all gay. After a slow and leisurely dinner—everything is cooked to order—you can move downstairs to the coziest and most charming discotheque in Paris. There'll be a small crowd but nothing to distract you from each other. *Swingers Overseas*, the gay travel guide, gives Le Brignolet an excellent recommendation and de-

servedly so. It's that 'little place' you have always dreamed of finding in a foreign city. Night Two: We'd suggest a 'big' night out, but not a 'grand' one. There are two great clubs in Paris—Chez Michou's in Montmartre at 80 rue des Martyrs which has a great drag show (*le spectacle*) and La Mendigotte which is at 80 quai de l'Hotel de Ville on the banks of the Seine. Chez Michou offers either a before-the-show dinner or an after-the-show supper. Showtime is always fifteen minutes before midnight. Reservations suggested: 606-16-04. Moderately expensive but a fun evening. La Mendigotte is sort of a restaurant-bar-discotheque that is the *in* place in 1973. Everybody is there or will be there once during the evening. Reservations suggested again: 272-19-76. In case you can't get in either, which is sometimes the case, try Club L'Etrier at 18 rue d'Odessa in Montparnasse. Up and coming this year and usually has a show on Fridays and Saturdays. Telephone: 325-33-59.

\* \* \* \*

*QUESTION: Off to Berlin. Haven't heard about any gay hotels. Do they have any?*

*E.A.B.—Key West*

ANSWER: Several people have been mentioning the Pension D'Este at Kurfurstendam 29 (on the first floor) as being an excellent and understanding choice. We have not personally visited it. If you need a more legitimate address for business purposes we would suggest the Stein Platz Hotel, a few short blocks from the Hauptbahnhof. A

little austere in atmosphere, and lately becoming a favorite of little old ladies traveling alone, it still has a certain amount of old-world charm in both the dining room and bar and offers very easy access for you to bring guests to your room either from the bar or through the lobby. Also while in Berlin, be sure to visit the Apollo Sauna at Stresemannstrasse 72. Swimming pool, bar, private rooms, the works! Open from three in the afternoon to three in the morning. With a place like the Apollo you'll only need your hotel room to rest in!

\* \* \* \*

*QUESTION: Is there a gay bar in Biarritz?*

*BD—San Francisco*

ANSWER: One of the nicest and most comfortable bars in France, Le Caveau at 4 rue Gambetta. A little slow during the week except in season (May-September), it's packed on the weekends always. A fifteen-franc entrance fee includes the first drink. Dancing.

\* \* \* \*

*QUESTION: I haven't been to Acapulco in several years. Is it still the accepted thing to do the 'morning', 'afternoon' and 'evening' beach scene?*

*T.S.—San Mateo*

ANSWER: Like so many of the grand cruising habits of Acapulco, the habit of changing your beach to get the best possible combination of sun and tide as the time of day changes, alas, has gone by the boards. With the building boom

*(Continued on Page 21)*

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# MAY in California



*Sunday, April 29th* —

Election of Emperor and Empress of Long Beach in the Grand Salon of the Queen Mary at 8 p.m.

*Saturday, May 5th* —

El Cinco de Mayo celebrations at the Crown Jewel, downtown Los Angeles.

*May 6th* —

Last performance of Jules Tasca's "The Mind With the Dirty Old Man" at the Mark Taper Forum 8 p.m. tonight—Los Angeles.

*May 9th* —

At the Geary Theatre, San Francisco, tonight at 8:30 the last performance of ACT's version of Jason Miller's new play, "That Championship Season."

*May 11th* —

Last performance of the Kaufman-Hart classic, "You Can't Take It With You" at 8:30 in the Geary Theatre, San Francisco.

*May 12th & 13th, May 19th & 20th* —

A live review each evening at the Black Knight on Burbank Blvd. at Cahuenga, North Hollywood. Featuring a cast of thousands from the Hayloft and other talent agencies.

*Los Angeles* —

*May 24*

The Pantomime Art of Marcel Marceau at the Schubert Theatre, Beverly Hills thru June 10.

*San Francisco* —

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Despite inflation San Francisco's The House still offers a delicious dinner featuring ravioli, fresh vegetable, soup and spinach salad with coffee for \$1.25 nightly.

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## TRAVEL (Continued from Page 19)

that has consumed Acapulco in the last several years, there's hardly room left at the beaches—the fashionable ones, at any rate. If you changed locations three times a day you'd always find yourself so far on the outskirts of the action that you'd feel completely left out. Caleta Beach (morning beach) has had all its delightful and concealing shrubbery stripped away (oh, the grand and glorious things that used to happen in the early morning light just to the right of the life-guard stand!) and replaced by an arcade and a series of restaurants. Caleta Beach is now the most popular place in Acapulco for Mexican families and if you are interested in a quick look into the past you might be interested in spending a day at Caleta and thinking about how glorious and how much fun it all was ten, maybe fifteen, years ago. Right across from Caleta Beach (about a five-minute boatride for five pesos) is the deserted little island of La Roqueta. There is nothing on the island so you have to take food and water with you. The little beach facing Caleta gets buried in the shade in the early afternoon so it offers limited swimming appeal. But then swimming isn't the main reason that *los muchachos* go to La Roqueta. There just happens to be a little path that leads up from the beach, through a most conveniently placed woods, to a lighthouse. On fiesta days, La Roqueta is indeed a ball! (Balls?) Afternoon beach used to be La Condesa Beach but now it is *the* beach. Everybody goes to Beto's, which is a combination restaurant-cabana area and stays for the day. Get there before noon and you can assure yourself of a good waterfront location that will insure you a view of some of the most beautiful, albeit most expensive, beach boys in the world! Since *everybody* goes to Beto's you instantaneously get to meet all the new faces in town and find out firsthand about all the parties planned for that evening. Beto's will tune you into the tempo of life at Acapulco and make cer-

(Continued on Page 34)




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**MOVIES** (Continued from Page 8)

search for box-office gold.

Even the great talents of Peter Finch and Liv Ullman (not to mention Michael York who is even photographed unflatteringly) cannot breathe life into parts that have been kept intentionally dimensionless so that they won't interfere with the scenery. Those few times when the movie almost makes an attempt to say something significant, one character or another is required to burst into a glorious Bacharach-David tune. The Bacharach-David combination is working in perfect unison in this venture. Both music and words say nothing, add nothing to the picture and arouse absolutely no emotion. A truly unique achievement in song-writing!

The story, for those who were not lucky enough to have seen the classic created by Ronald Colman, is about, basically, a man in quest of a dream. A plane crashes in the Himalayans and the survivors are rescued by a group of monks from a monastery in a nearby hidden valley, where age, sickness and unhappiness virtually do not exist. Whether Shangri-La is a state of mind or an actual place is never made known in the 1939 original, but in the 1973 version it is specifically located between Mount Hood and downtown Burbank and, unfortunately, looks it.

*Lost Horizon* is a moving book, and one well worth the reading. Do yourself a favor, save \$2.25 and buy the \$1.25 paperback and have a really enjoyable evening.

\* \* \* \*

*LAST TANGO IN PARIS* — Released by United Artists. Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. Screenplay by Bertolucci and Franco Arcalli. Stars Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. English and French dialogue.

Bertolucci had a story of sorts around which to weave his camera in "The Conformist." The result, photographed in pleasing soft tones, was fairly entertaining albeit the plot was at times thin and vague. His latest experiment has even less of a story and in lieu of fascism he has us look at sex through his humorless lens—and needless to say, it is all heterosex. The end result of all the fol-de-rol is just over two hours of boring, pretentious rubbish which is neither good cinema nor good pornography. Marlon Brando, whose high nasal twang and awful muttering that goes for speech, assails the ear in both French and English, portrays a seedy washed-up American in a dreary section of Paris. Wandering around looking for sex after his wife's suicide, he encounters a young, mod sex-child, played appealingly enough by a newcomer named Maria Schneider. They decide to play sex games on a regular basis in a derelict apartment he rents for the purpose. In between they banter and spout what is supposed to be philosophy. After an hour of all this nonsense you want to march out of the theatre in disgust but having heard so much about the weird sex they are supposed to partake of, you stay, wondering, after all, that the hiked

(Continued on Page 24)

**HOLLYWOOD MAP**

The real Hollywood, in a way, is where most of the groovy guys you read about reside. For many this means the area covered by our map this month—roughly that part of Hollywood south of the Boulevard and east of Vine Street. The Silver Lake district north of Sunset and running over to the Golden State Freeway is a microcosm of gay activity as is the better known West Hollywood area around La Cienega. Our map includes good eating and meeting places, baths, stores such as *Ah Men* and *That Look* and an interesting late night scene at bars that stay open for coffee such as *The Outcast* and on weekends *The Sheriff's Office* and *The Brass Spurr*, and the *Boxcar*. Longtime favorites that have fond memories for some of us are places such as *Joly's* and downtown, the *Crown Jewel*, which despite its eighteen years in the same location still gets a good mixture of Latin-American and Angelenos of the under thirties group. Also located in the Silver Lake district are bars such as the recently closed *Explorer* and the now straight *Black Cat*, scene of the first gay demonstration in Los Angeles (it went off peacefully) after a brutal police raid on New Year's Eve, 1968. Yet most evenings the Silver Lake district is alive with activity and worth exploring but stay out of the parks and other public places. Los Angeles is fun, different and varied in what it has to offer but this note of warning is always apropos although the repression is lessening of late.

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**MOVIES** (Continued from Page 22)

price of admission (\$4.50) must portend some juicy scenes. You'll be sorry, for let me give you the real reason for the dollar fifty surcharge: that disastrous *Man of La Mancha* is also from United Artists and they are trying to make up on the swings. . . .

And the sex scenes? Nothing very explicit—and naturellement, the Brando dong is never even seen once, although at the end he is shown on the dance floor in what is supposed to be a very funny segment, but is not, drunk and skit-fish, with an obvious hard-on. There are many pussy shots of Miss Schneider, but the much-talked-about fist-fucking episode is simulated—the lady is instructed to cover her fingers in butter and shove. In another episode he fucks the lady with his overcoat on, in a scene that is about as exciting as two frogs humping in the village pond. Brando can go nowhere from this nadir in his career except perhaps to portray a drag queen. Come to think of it, that would be fun and could never be as dull as this role.

While this nonsense is going on dear Marlon talks awful dirty, man, and tells her to imagine that she is having sex with a pig that vomits, and so on—get the idea? If you do, you'll save four fifty.

*Last Tango in Paris* is probably not the last cinematic fraud to come our way this year but will surely prove to be the most bally-hooded.

\*\*\*\*

*SOUNDER* — 20th Century-Fox.

Directed by Martin Ritt. Screenplay by Lonnie Elder III, based on a novel by W.H. Armstrong. Stars Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks and Taj Mahal.

Every once in a while Hollywood forgets formula and/or burning issues and turns out a movie that is not only touchingly sensitive and genuinely entertaining but is visually beautiful as well. Nominated for three Academy Awards, it deserved them all, but just did not have the super-glossy quality nor bravado performances required to snare an award. It will be a long while, nonetheless, before another movie captures in such brilliant detail the three simple pleasures that make life so worth the living—giving, sharing and loving.

The story line is so thin that it almost completely disappears at times. There is a mother (Cicely Tyson), a father (Paul Winfield) and a boy (Kevin Hooks). *Sounder* is the family dog and does little except provide the title.

The setting is Louisiana in 1936 when the real weight of the depression was still being felt in the Deep South. With a hungry family to feed and not much to feed them with, sharecropper Winfield steals some food, is caught and is sent to prison. His son, Kevin Hooks, sets out to find the prison camp his father has been sent to and after a few weeks of wandering returns home without having succeeded.

For a year the family lives and wonders where Daddy is. Then, one day, he comes home in a scene so memorable that it is guaranteed to choke up even the most hardened

soul. Cicely Tyson will forever engrave herself on your memory in this one. And that's it. Everybody lives happily ever after.

*Sounder* doesn't sound like much when you tell it, but it sure makes you feel a whole lot when you see it. Rated for a general audience, it really is almost a replay of the childhood that every kid imagined for himself when he was growing up. If you want to see a picture that will reach inside of you and gently nudge your appreciation of living alive again, don't miss *Sounder*.

\*\*\*\*

*THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER* — Warner Bros. Directed by Bud Yorkin. Screenplay by Walter Hill from a novel by T.L. Smith. Stars Ryan O'Neal and Jacqueline Bisset.

Ryan O'Neal plays a charming and sexy rogue in yet another Hollywood anti-hero soufflé. Much chasing around and some light moments of what one supposes to be attempts at comedy make this an not unpleasant one hundred minutes of time-killing, say on a long plane flight. O'Neal is photographed from all angles and in various stages of undress so if you are a fan of his you will probably enjoy the movie which has something to do with cheating an insurance company and which has a surprise ending if you happen to have the IQ of a twelve-year-old. Jacqueline Bisset looks lovely as the co-star, but one gets the impression that she is very uncomfortable in such a silly film but gamely does her best. There is the standard mad-fag role built in

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for additional laughs? in the personage of a chess champion—the sort of role that Franklin Pangborn excelled at thirty years ago. But that's the kind of movie that is—mindless nonsense from the latest class of screenwriters at UCLA, no doubt. Nice work if you can get it.

\*\*\*\*

**SCARECROW** — Warner Bros. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. Written by G.M. White. Stars Al Pacino and Gene Hackman.

This beautifully photographed (by Vilmos Zsigmond, who also did *Deliverance*) is a boring rehash of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* in which Gene Hackman appears to be doing an impersonation of the late President Johnson and Al (*The Godfather*) Pacino gives a good impression of Dustin Hoffman. They play two hobo drifters who meet by chance and set out from California with the dream of establishing a car-wash back east, which they reach after the expected and painfully contrived number of scrapes including one on a Colorado prison farm. On the farm a gay trusty takes a fancy to Al Pacino, who rejects the overture in a slightly interesting bit of sex play and gets up in typical Hollywood style for defending his honor. The plot is all so familiar (as is the slow-paced direction) and the heroes such dull low-life fellows, that one cares not a jot about their history. I award this film three yawns.

\*\*\*\*

**SOME GAY FILMS:**

Of more than passing interest in the new spring crop of gay sex undergrounders is *The Back Row*, a technically sophisticated and sometimes thoughtful New York production by Doug Richards. Star billing goes to Casey (*The Boys in the Sand*) Donovan, whose demonstrated appeal would be enough to carry it alone. But one George Payne, a debutant who goes at his chores with a nice touch of virginal reticence, establishes himself as the protagonist early on. The wordless interplay between the two, each of whom has reasons for not wanting to make the first overt move, is the

(Continued on Page 26)

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**MOVIES** (Continued from Page 25)

thread of what little plot there is to this diverting 90-minute teaser.

At no point, so far as I could make out, does Payne's character, that of a country kid fresh in Sin City, take part in the plentiful overt sex acts going on around him. It is to Payne's credit (and Richards') that he is the one really vivid presence in *The Back Row*.

Casey Donovan is, well, himself. That's all he need be; his easy manner and generous smile have long since endeared him to his fans. And he handles the bulk of the sex scenes as if there's nothing else he'd rather do. The rest of the small, unjaded cast pitches in heartily enough to qualify them as journeymen in this particular field of endeavor.

Apparently a "first" here is an original—in both senses of the word—musical score credited to William R. Cox. His mild-rock tunes, set to lyrics written in real English, are a heavy asset to an already charming film. Highly recommended.

Donald Warman

\*\*\*\*\*

In current Los Angeles release is a Cassidy-Dakota team-up called *Man Power*. To these eyes, it looks like a string of clips made at different times for other pictures. The hardcore addict will find two sequences of interest in this short (hour-long) effort: Dakota and Cassidy perform the most strenuous extended anal fucking match this viewer can remember, and two anonymous performers demon-

strate fist-fucking at excruciating length. If that's your bag. . . .

Bob McPherson



**SOUTHLAND** (Continued from Page 6) *applause.*

*Another gala occasion which we had no space to comment on last month was the second annual Queen of Hearts Pageant sponsored by Luigi, the Emperor of Los Angeles. Last year's event took place on the Queen Mary and was a winner. This year, to accommodate the larger attendance the ball was moved to the sterile and characterless Los Angeles Convention Center. The large crowd was still not large enough for the vast hall (painted a hideous hue) and so everything about the evening had a remoteness that hung over the proceedings despite the witty master of ceremonies, the original Jose from San Francisco. The costumes were as spectacular as last year's but one had the feeling when it was all over that such a place may be suitable for displaying cars and tractors but not the finery connected with a fancy dress ball. Luigi, undaunted, has already got his eye on a more congenial location for '74.*

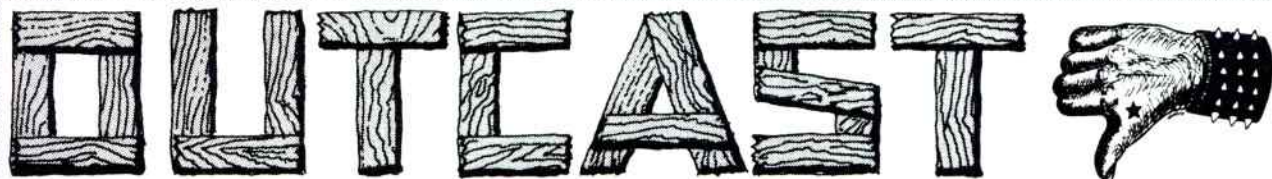
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Downtown at Frank's Crown Jewel the Cinco de Mayo is always a celebration with the large Mexican and Latin clientele in this bar making the event like the Fourth of July. Back behind the bar most nights is that tall, handsome Ron, very popular with the dark-eyed Latins and everybody else. In fact, if you are a light-complexioned

Anglo you'll get as warm a welcome here as you will in any bar in Mexico City. In fact, if you happen to be downtown this bar is both safe and well-run and not in the same category as some of the other spots, notorious but interesting though they may be at times. For those seeking bargain cocktails from five to seven on workdays the Crown Jewel has 'em and at Mexican prices—for forty-five cents or less than four pesos.

Remember, election time is at hand, so keep hands off and watch your alcoholic intake in metropolitan L.A. You can never be too careful despite the more general acceptance of the gay scene in recent years. Raids on private parties and on public places are not unknown and nowadays the gendarmerie have that new and noisy toy, the polluting helicopter with the high-powered lights.

A footnote: now and then, when reporting on the L.A. scene, I mention a 'raid'. Sometimes places I report as 'raided' object to the term even though they have been subject to an incursion of uniformed police accompanied by vice detail men in plainclothes and sometimes, especially lately, personnel from the Alcoholic Beverages outfit have been along on these visits. Such an incursion, in my opinion, constitutes a 'raid' when a) the bar is cited for an alleged infringement of the multitudinous laws or b) when the employees or patrons are led away for further questioning and usually arrested. Now and then the police, uniformed and in pairs, stop in a bar and saunter out after



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checking the licenses, grim of visage and without saying good night. Bad public relations here but not what I would describe as a 'raid'. And the days of massive raids on gay bars are not over as was evidenced by the swoop on Tyke's just off the Pasadena Freeway before Easter. As far as is known, those arrested were charged with drunkenness as were those in other raids in and around Hollywood last month. This is a change from the usual charges of lewd conduct in previous years.

Around town some go-go bars have given up their beer licenses in order to comply with the nonsensical rulings that have come down from on high regarding nudity in places where alcohol is served. And so, you can still see nude male dancers and sex movies but not swill down a beer while doing so, only a soft drink. Prices have remained the same. Most notable of places making the changeover is The Tradesman, on Melrose, which continues to stay open into the wee hours all week.

The Ninth Anniversary of the successful Hayloft—and with only a beer license to do it, was the expected madhouse. *Gone With the Wind* was a camp choice for the Sunday movie and a sumptuous buffet kept everyone on the sober side of the law. One of the owners of this landmark, Paul Bentley, may be remembered as the battling and gutsy owner of the now closed Explorer who nightly paced up and down in front of that bar waiting for the cops and telling the equally gutsy customers that we should all organize. He also made no secret of his ambition to go to San Francisco and have one of the most popular bars in town. This he did, by opening The Ramrod, where he and his partner, George the actor (he occasionally shows some of his starring parts—John the actor at The Hayloft is more reticent) alternate in running that now old milestone to which visitors to the city usually make a beeline on arrival. However, if you expect to linger cruising and imbibing after one forty five at either of these bars you will be dis-

(Continued on Page 29)

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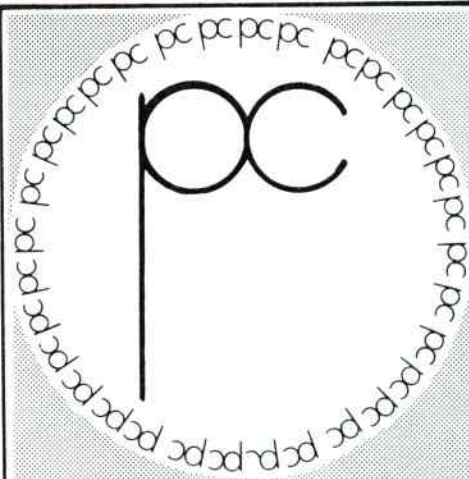


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# WHEN A LAD NEEDS A DOCTOR

By MEDIC

I receive many inquiries about diet and nutrition, another very controversial matter. The advice given out by some nutritionists confuses the general practitioner, not to mention laymen. When it is a matter of nutrition and a healthy sex life the advice becomes even more confusing. The old saying about a healthy mind in a healthy body should be reiterated here. A balanced diet (but who can agree on what that is?) without too much of one food, or too little of another is such simple advice that few heed it until something goes wrong with their bodily functions.

Foods that are supposed to be sexually stimulating and which can certainly do no harm unless, like anything else they are overindulged in, are: Certain types of seafood such as oysters and clams. Oysters are a good source of calcium and have always been regarded as an aphrodisiac, especially when eaten raw.


Other authorities recommend raw egg yolks as a sex stimulant—they certainly stimulate the adrenal glands and are, of course, a valuable food but most doctors agree that in this country the adult male eats too many eggs as it is. Eggs are also high in cholesterol and the adult male should not eat more than three or four a week, depending on the amount of regular exercise that is taken—this burns off much of the excess cholesterol in foods such as eggs, cheese and cream.

Most dietary authorities recommend avocados, believed to be a mild aphrodisiac and certainly a good source of vitamin E.

Artificial or chemical substances that are reputed to be (but seldom are) aphrodisiacs, such as the dangerous powder known as Spanish Fly (made from a species of ground-up beetle) should neither be taken nor offered to anyone. Such substances irritate rather than stimulate the mucous membranes of the bladder and the urethra and using them can have serious conse-

quences.

A further note on transsexualism which continues as a vexed question even among doctors and psychiatrists. One psychiatrist reports "the response to sex reassignment surgical procedures indicated by improved social and emotional adjustment, is ten times more likely than an unsatisfactory result, improvement is enhanced if the transsexual has functional use of an artificial vagina, obtains a legal change of gender status and freely passes in society as a member of the opposite sex."

On the other hand, Professor Edward Sagarin of New York has stated bluntly: "There is no such thing as sex-change surgery . . . sexual differences penetrate even to the bones." He does agree that it is possible to change "the external manifestations of sex" then goes on to add: "This is, of course, a far cry from change of sex. If anything, the penisectomy and orchidectomy (castration), together with plastic surgery, can most accurately be described as the hermaphroditization of a male, but it is a castrated male with some external female manifestations. It is improper to use the term 'change of sex' not only because it is scientifically absurd, but because there is grave danger that by feeding impressionable and neurotic people, especially effeminate homosexuals, with the idea that they can become members of the sex to which they do not belong, they may utilize this as a sign of hope for escape from the dead end of effeminate homosexuality, and as a method for the management of stigma by giving legitimacy to their condition, once it becomes a 'surgically correctable' one, rather than a psychiatric disorder. The literature on transsexualism is one-sided and filled with contradictions and distortions. The arguments against the treatment of a disorder by scalpel are ignored. The case histories of successful psychiatric treatment is not seriously discussed." 

**SOUTHLAND** (Continued from Page 27) appointed—part of Bentley's success has been in observing the quirky Alcoholic Beverages laws and making the customers do likewise—and most important, he is smart enough to make some of the foxy inspectors from this ridiculously powerful outfit think twice before trying to catch his places or customers up in some obscure part of the law. If you want to open a bar in California talk to Bentley but be prepared to meet Luscious Lorelei, his drag alter ego now famous from Vancouver to San Diego.

The drag and leather crowds are never supposed to meet but lately they have been doing so—at The Lagoon in Long Beach and at The Park on Melrose near the Florentine Room. This is a not unwelcome development for most big bike runs of the year include a campy drag show. So the twain do meet.

Another sign of the times is the appearance of what some call 'fuck parlors'. These way stations of the night do not serve booze of any kind and operate as social clubs but they can hardly be recommended to the cautious night-person, for in L.A. when the gendarmes strike the luckless customers are usually arrested despite assurances the owners of such clubs freely offer. One or two bars about our sprawling megalopolis also provide sex-rooms which are open to all at sporadic intervals, Sunday afternoons, for example. Again, let the prudent pleasure seeker beware.

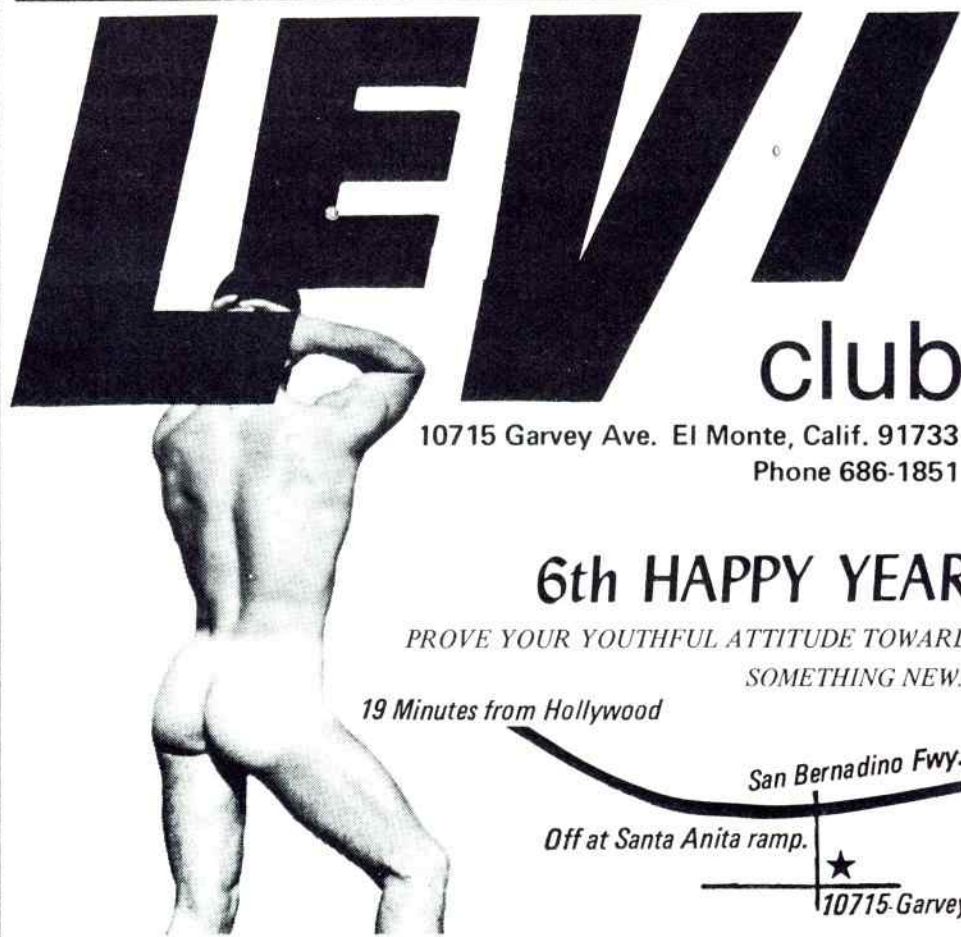
If you want to know what is going on in the bars and what the latest places are the traveler has now six free papers in Los Angeles and two in the Bay Area to choose from. And new bars, like the papers, continue to appear every week all over the state. One knowledgeable bar owner states openly that the future is with liquor bars, not with the beer taverns as in L.A. and that even there the police pressure on gay bars is lessening every year. Eh? But that's what he says. . . .

Recently we visited the three busy black bars in the Crenshaw-Washington Boulevard area (just south of the Santa Monica Free-

way). All were busy that weekend evening and had a mostly black clientele. Two of them are apparently black owned and the third is run by a straight white couple. Of the three, The Center Field on Crenshaw was the busiest but somewhat uptight over our white group until we proved ourselves 'soul brothers' and not vice-squadders. The dollar entrance charge includes one drink

and the main attraction in this bar is a large dance floor with music from a jukebox. Over on Adams Boulevard is The Golden Horseshoe, one of the oldest bars in L.A., and the seedy decor looks it, yet it is a friendly place with a few white faces in evidence in the crowd. This bar serves only wine and beer but The Center Field and The Club

(Continued on Page 30)



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## SOUTHLAND (Continued from Page 29)

Horizon, the last bar on our tour, serve liquor. The Horizon is mostly black but was friendly and relaxed. It has a busy pool table and some tables to sit around but no dance floor. We were told there that there is at present no black after-hours place, most of the guys going up to Hollywood after closing time.

We were also warned to watch out for overzealous cops in the area, ready to pounce for the slightest infraction and sure enough we were stopped before we reached the freeway but just admonished for a faulty rear light. None of L.A.'s black bars can hold a candle to that mad San Francisco dance bar, Bo-jangles, but for change of scene they are worth a visit.

In Palm Springs the action is mostly at Oil Can Harry's, about ten minutes southwest of town. Dancing and a youngish crowd here in a totally gay atmosphere.

The old Queen's Attic is not as crowded and caters to a much older crowd but it is a good place for nook and cranny cruising due to the layout of the bar—and this year

the place is known as Gaf's. Catering to a similar clientele is another long-established bar, the Party Room. There is a small dance floor but it really jumps as a meeting place when it stays open for after-hours coffee on weekends. Just about everyone who is alone after two looks in there then—after all the alternative is a long drive back to L.A. or San Diego.

Palm Springs is, as ever, best included on a trip to somewhere else—either as a scenic but roundabout way to San Diego from Los Angeles or as a stopover point when driving to Arizona or back east. And late at night watch out for the Highway Patrol along the stretch of road between the bars and downtown Palm Springs.



## ROVER (Continued from Page 17)

the master of the place while Ken and David have a leather shop called The Mixed Bag upstairs at the back. It is but three blocks from The Boot Camp and one block from Fe-Be's and The Ramrod.



## SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 5)

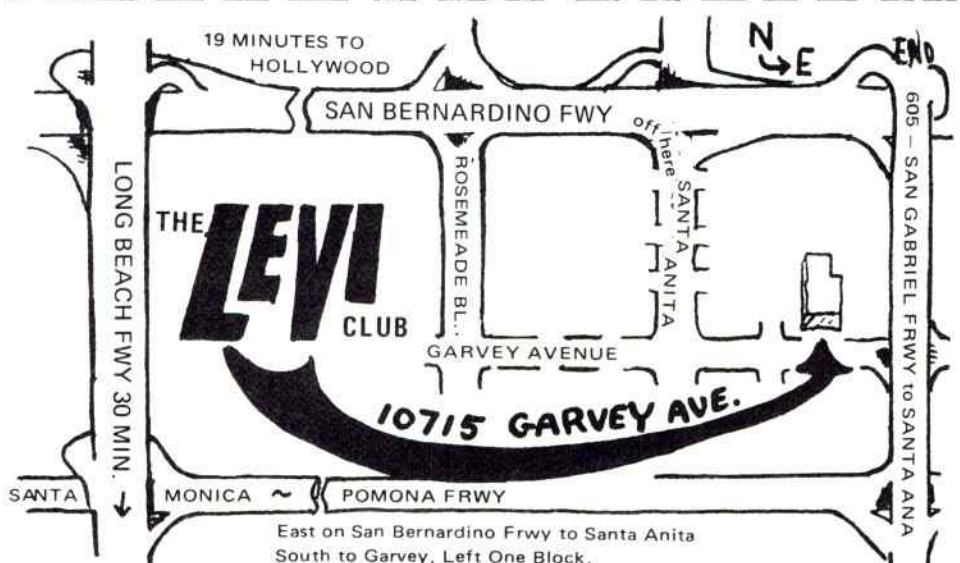
the voyager out on the right note, from Gary at The Hothouse, David Kelsey at The House of Harmony, Miss Ima Jones—the blues singer, at The New Bell and Vince Valenti at The PS front bar. And The PS has now converted the back showroom into an elite restaurant named The Etcetera where a professional restaurateur expertly oversees the souffles, flambees and fine food on Friday and Saturday nights only. Exceptionally well-prepared food, a wine with dinner and a flaming and potent liqueur dessert named after the host, Cafe Douglas, comes to about twelve dollars per person, depending on what you and your guests order. Reservations are necessary at most times in The PS and always in The Etcetera Room, certainly the spot for that special evening in elegant and friendly surroundings calculated to impress even the most jaded of friends. When reserving a table ask for Douglas and specify the Etcetera Room, but if there are no tables available be sure to try the main dining room where full dinners without wine are still available under five dollars. The PS is opposite that busy and famous little bookstore, Le Salon, which can come up with almost any gay sexbook ever published. And there are friendly bars such as The Polk Gulch Saloon just steps away or city landmarks such as The Kokpit (around the corner from the Golden Gate 'Y') a few blocks away on Turk Street.

Out of town: after a good beginning The Zodiac dropped off badly

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in Sacramento and now it is closed. A few minutes away The Other End is very alive and the large dance floor continues to be the attraction. Farther down Capitol Avenue in West Sacramento what used to be Ernie's Place is once more a bar, Charlie's Place, and an after-hours spot on weekends under new owners. Downtown and near The Topper the groovy owner of The Cruz 'In, Ben, has opened The Cruz 'In Two. One more reason why everyone should check out this very accessible city when driving to Lake Tahoe and the Sierras this summer—and remember there is a small but modern and clean baths in Sacramento named The Club which stays open all night.

Pier 54 is the unusual location and the name of a new bar and restaurant worth checking out and easily reached from the freeway inbound from the Mariposa Street exit or else by going down 17th from The Country Club until you reach Third Street. The Pier 54 is a waterfront cafe with all the trimmings, romantic as hell and serving good food although inclined to close on the early side during the week. Overlooking the bay, this is the place to pledge your troth or whatever on the next full moon and if your troth is not what he was looking for, then tell him to jump in the Bay while you drive the five minutes it takes to reach the Ritch Street Baths near Third and Townsend. Yes, Dame Margot, that was Rudolf Nureyev you saw there last month, not once but thrice!

Bars that have been lax about the inebriated condition of their clients have had to tighten up their attitude lately. Accept the bartender's offer to call a cab—many bars in the city have a direct line to a taxi company, the driver may be gay and even if not, he will surely know the way to the many baths that stay open all night. Almost every one of them is within a two dollar taxi ride from the bars. It is risky to walk, especially south of Market, late at night. Always entrust your valuables to the baths attendant (gratuities are accepted ... but not sought after a la New York) and

some places even take care of your key after you have got in and wish to immerse yourself in the pleasures of the steam or in the swimming pool. The late night eating places often change their schedules but the most welcome addition—except on Monday night, is Tiffany's on Upper Market and possibly there will be an all-night snackery at Big Town—the sandwich shop here opens at seven a.m. on weekdays.

A different place for Sunday brunch—plush, elegantly quiet and with items such as Eggs Benedict as they are supposed to be served, selling for only a dollar fifty, including coffee, is the Hans bar and restaurant in Oakland. A grand spot to bring last night's grand amour.

#### THE GOLDEN AWARDS, 1973

*The all-male presentation of Mame, such a hit here in the fall of*

*1972, swept the Golden Awards and received the largest number of statuettes at a special ceremony at the Kabuki Theatre on Saturday evening, March 24th.*

*Hello, Dolly! ran a close second, but it was Mame which was honored as the best production of the San Francisco gay community in 1972, and its star, Faye, was also chosen best actress.*

*Awards were given in many other categories, for costumes, sets, hair-styles, direction, etc., and the local gay crowd turned out in large numbers to see the lavish spectacle staged in the elegant Kabuki Theatre. The event was an evening to remember.*

*The Golden Awards were established four years ago by the San Francisco Academy of Performing*  
(Continued on Page 34)

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**THEATRE** (Continued from Page 10)

Professional Los Angeles productions of even such tripe as something called *The Mind With the Dirty Man* have a built-in advantage over those anywhere else outside New York. The pool of movie and TV pros on the scene is experienced in peddling inferior stuff so deftly as to make the audience forget what it is they are really seeing and hearing. The current Mark Taper Forum comedy represents one of those characteristic Southern California triumphs of *chutzpah* over mind, matter and anything else related to theatrical value.

*TMWTDM* is simply awful. The plot situation is unmotivated and frequently contradictory, the lines impossibly overblown in relation to what people actually would be doing in those circumstances. Needless to add, it's a smash springtime hit in Dippyland.

A substantial middle-aged couple, wallowing in Catholic small-town virtues, are visited by their hippie son, an engaging kid who kicked over the traces to become the producer of notoriously successful sex films and who unexpectedly comes home because he has bought the town's only movie house and intends to show his kind of picture exclusively. Mom and Dad, guiding lights of the town's censorship board, are doubly on the spot: the boy's accompanying girlfriend is also the star of his about-to-be-unveiled shocker about foot fetishism.

For reasons never made clear, Mom feels compelled to confess to the son that she is running a blind

ad in an underground paper, soliciting illicit male companionship. If you don't know who blindly answers the ad, enclosing a nude snapshot, you never saw *sit-com* taking form.

But this play (by Jules Tasca) keeps slam-banging along on the sheer false momentum of slamming doors, people racing up and down stairs, horrified neighbors and the like. This one has a difference: a thick-headed priest who goes around bouncing a basketball. The symbolism of that touch escaped me, but otherwise, Tasca's ploys are tedious.

Perhaps the show was written for the specific talent of Joe Flynn, an old pro who scored heavily in TV's "McHale's Navy" series. Dad's part is, in the theatrical term, ungrateful: he carries virtually the whole play without being given material which sells the oafish character to the audience. As the "liberated" son and his straight-from-the-shoulder mate, Peter Strauss and Barra Grant are charming as can be, even investing some slight credibility to their roles. In all the family, Allyn McLerie as Mom has the worst burden to carry. Her part has nowhere any relation to anybody who ever lived.

To this viewer, the production's one hilarious touch was its hideously smug living-room setting dominated by a larger-than-life painting of the current Pope. For the record, that was the work of Robert O'Hearn. The frenetic direction was by Edward Parone, who cannot be faulted. What the hell did he have to work from?

*DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE*—a musical entertainment by Micki Grant and Vinnette Carroll. *The Huntington Hartford, Hollywood. Seventh month—through May.*

Lehman Engel, the eminently distinguished Broadway conductor, has deplored (see this issue's Books) the advent of rock opera as a sort of dead end in the theatre. As if to disprove him, an all-black celebration of life, *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*, has 'em rocking and rolling at the Hartford Theatre in Hollywood. It is a recital of songs and dances, minimally staged and minus a plot (so what?) and surely one of the most vivid, often enchanting shows in many a season.

Everyone in it is a star. It is unnecessary to single out individual performances because the performing group apparently switches parts from show to show. What is constant is the exuberance, the total dedication of the group to its material, which ranges from the trashy ("What I need is less quack-quack, more greenback, and YOU off my back!") to the deeply moving. The title song is clever and cute; if there is one item anybody remembers afterward it is a quasi-revival tune called "Do a Little Livin' for Peace," which, thank God does not necessarily amount to a to-hell-with-Nixon statement, but is in fact an affirmation of optimistic courage within itself.

True, the staging has the performers moving among the audience at this climactic point—that thing of being zeroed in on and clutched by an actress is kind of

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unnerving—but in *Don't Bother Me* it seems only natural. By this time, the audience is part of the show anyway. Either that or they have been driven out of the theatre by the rock beat. In which case, they passed up a good thing. This show is terrific.

The Los Angeles Drama Critics' Circle voted its winter season top awards to Paula Kelly for her beautiful dramatic soprano lead, Vinnette Carroll as director, Claude Thompson as choreographer, and H.P. Barnum for his ingenious musical arrangements. There was no category to accommodate the original music and lyrics of one Micki Grant, but perhaps we can assign her one: most consistently high-octane performance on music paper.

Donald Warman

*SMALL CRAFT WARNING* by Tennessee Williams. *The Xoregus Dance Studio*, Union Street, San Francisco.

Director Robert Chapline and an

earnest group of actors struggled valiantly to make something meaningful out of Tennessee Williams' *Small Craft Warning*, presented in San Francisco in its West Coast premiere for a limited run of five weekends. I'm afraid their time and effort went in vain.

Although Williams has announced that he considers this play one of his major works, it's hard to understand why he has come to this conclusion. *Small Craft Warning* has none of the lyricism, poignancy or dramatic impact of his earlier dramas. The characters, if not stereotypes (the stupid stud, the pitiful whore, the omniscient bartender, etc.) rarely arouse an audience's interest or sympathy. The dialogue which Williams has put into their mouths is frequently embarrassing.

Among the actors, Richard Rekow gave the most sustained, consistent and controlled performance. In the role of a homosexual writer he was always believable and had a moment or two of eloquence. Myra Hughes, playing the key female figure, and who might have breathed

some sense into the proceedings, failed to do so because of an irritating and strident line delivery alternated with vocal tones which were almost inaudible. Collis White, Martin Ponch, Vera Stough and Jay Moreno did what they could with the material which the playwright provided them. Dennis McLaughlin looked the role of the stud well enough, but couldn't provide any real insight into the youth's character.

Chapline staged the play conventionally, but at least kept things moving. I hope he and Artists' Enterprise Theatre choose their next play for production more carefully and solicit the participation of some of the more skillful actors who reside in this area.

—Douglas Dean

\* \* \* \*

One of the program credits for *Norman, Is, That You?* names the contributor of "Garson's red velvet pants." That's about the level on which this funny, funny little play  
(Continued on Page 34)

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## THEATRE (Continued from Page 33)

is conducted. The plot is not much once you get past the first premise: a gay son cannot conceal from his father the fact that his "fiance," who is also his roommate, is another guy.

The play raised no eyebrows on Broadway a few years ago. It is now in the hands of Samuel French, which presumably means it's being performed all over the place and causing nobody any trouble. The Los Angeles Ebony Showcase, of which Sammy Davis, Jr., is reputedly the backer, has been playing it for exactly three years now with a kinky twist—the nelly roommate is the only Caucasian in the show. It works out just fine.

Mike Sims, now playing the butch son in the concurrent San Francisco production at the On Broadway, graduated there from the Los Angeles cast. William H. Knight, a surprisingly versatile young man, alternates between the parts of Norman and his father. In the Los Angeles version Len Medrud plays the white youth, the one who wears the red velvet pants, with the right touch.

Ron Clark's and Sam Bobrick's script is strictly camp. The sprightly direction is by James Wheaton, against a single ingenious setting by Conrad Penrod. Everyone involved in this fluffy show is commendable. And it just keeps on drawing audiences.

These playwrights, Bobrick and Clark, have a new play in Manhattan this year named *No Hard Feelings*. So far the critics' notices have been much kinder than those they

wrote when *Norman, Is That You?* first appeared. Yet *Norman* is flourishing.



## SAN FRANCISCO

Continued from Page 31

*Arts, a group of San Francisco entertainers. Each year's winners automatically become members of the Academy, which makes nominations and holds elections in which the public participates for the following year.*

*In addition to Faye, Malcolm Smith was honored as best actor in a male role in a musical for his performance in Hello, Dolly!, Chuck Waltz as best actor in a dramatic show for his work in Light Up the Sky, Nancy as Agnes Gooch in Mame, and Chuck Zinn as best director (Dolly). "The Man in the Moon" from Mame was chosen as best production number, and Pat Campano was honored for his costumes for the same show.*



## TRAVEL (Continued from Page 21)

tain that you get caught up in the swing of things right from the beginning.

**QUESTION:** Do you have any recent data on places to go in Nebraska?

—Richard, S.F.

**ANSWER:** As the guidebook listings indicate, there is not much activity in that state and those who live there go to Denver as often as possible. In Omaha the two bars of note are The Cave, 16th and Jackson and across the street The Diamond. The bar at The Blackstone

Hotel can occasionally be cruisy but we hear that the vice check it out from time to time. Over in Lincoln, the state capital, you might try the bar at the Cornhusker Hotel but many of the straight bars here are mixed, gay and straight and can be fun as this is a college town.

## Editor's Note:

Things still continue on the rough side in the more easily reached cities of Morocco, especially Tangier and Casablanca. We recommend that you pick your guides and your hotels with care. The following is an excerpt from a letter received last week from travelers in Casablanca.

"A helpful taxi driver took us to the Seaman's Club where I changed some travelers' checks into dirhams. I wanted to go to a certain hotel, but the driver took us to one called the Louvre, which we did not particularly like, but when we considered the price and the fact that we would be there only overnight, we took it. After cruising around the town for a couple of hours and seeing not much of anything we were interested in, we returned to the hotel. There were a couple of hustler-types in the lobby, but we were tired so went on up to our room. The lock on the door to our room was like one you would have on an old bureau drawer, and very difficult to turn, but we locked it anyway and put a sofa against the door just in case. At 5AM there was a great crash and the door flew open. Since the sofa was there I was able to jump out of bed and hold it partly shut until my friend could get

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another piece of furniture to help block their entry. The two guys trying to get in were the two hustler-types that had been in the lobby when we had returned to the hotel. After we got the door successfully barred, we could hear them talking in the room next to ours and suddenly realized that our balcony door was open and that our balcony connected with theirs! We quickly blocked that door but, fortunately, heard nothing more from them. At 8 in the morning, after spending the rest of the night awake, we checked out to find our 'friendly' taxi driver waiting for us. We declined his services and took a standard petit-taxi to the airport to catch our plane. However, the taxi driver followed us all the way out to the airport, some 17 miles, and made a big scene because we did not 'tip' him for being so helpful!

\* \* \* \*

With the current fluctuation in the value of the dollar overseas, it is recommended that neither Ameri-

can money nor American bank travelers checks be taken abroad. Your best bet is an American Express Travel Card or American Express Traveler Cheques. They are universally accepted in Europe because American Express pays them not in dollars but in the local currency at the current rate of exchange. The best bet of all is Swiss Traveler Cheques which can be easily obtained from money-changing agencies available in any large city. They make a nice little nest egg in case things change abruptly enough to make even American Express unacceptable. Procure fifty or a hundred Swiss francs for emergency expenses or 'mad money' before you depart. Dollars have joined the weaker currencies (pounds and French francs) as fair game for canny hotel clerks, porters and others in the tourist trade. They will give you less than seventy per cent of the bank rate—but what can you do late at night or on a weekend but accept.



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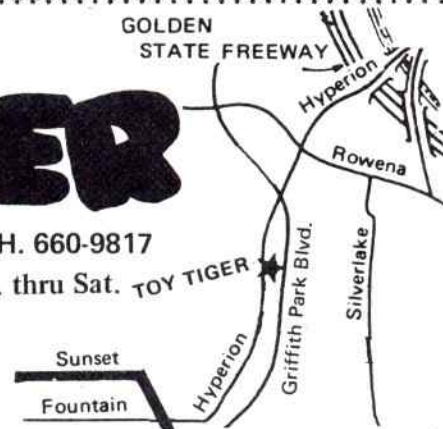


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## BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 15)

ductor of more than 150 shows, admits that if the secrets were known there would be no failures—but suggests he knows every way there is to go wrong. This intriguing book is mainly of textbook nature, and indeed Engel conducts regular workshops on musical theatre in Los Angeles, New York and elsewhere. *Words With Music* may be intended for his students; it supposes that the reader is very deep into the field, and into its relatives, straight plays and opera, as well.

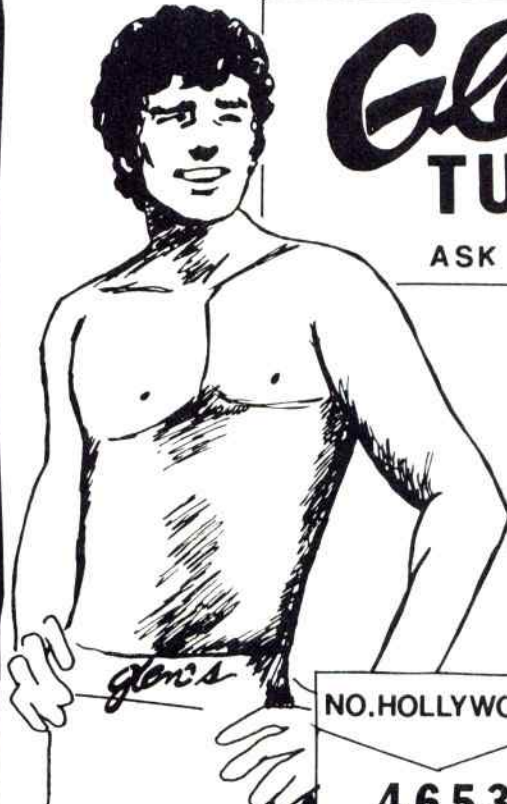
The layman who just likes to go to the show can, by auditing the course, so to speak, pick up some fascinating material about the musical as art form—one of the very few developed almost entirely in the United States and in this century.

Amid Engel's analytical dissections of specific shows and individual scenes, here is a critical history of the musical's growth in relation to what the rest of the theatre—and society as a whole—has been doing.

For an originally logical economic reason—the affluent theatre-going public of New York in 1900 was largely Germanic-Jewish and fond of Viennese operetta—the American musical was mainly unrelated to contemporary life and theatre until shortly before World War II. Victor Herbert, who became a millionaire catering to that public, was a German-inclined Irishman. Of his most successful followers—Romberg, Friml, Youmans and Kern—only Jerome Kern was born in this country, and he was European by training and taste.

Engel places the Golden Era of

U.S. musical theatre at between 1940 (*Pal Joey*) and 1965 (*Fiddler on the Roof*). There were breakthroughs before then—*Show Boat* had a racial element in that Julie was persecuted because she may have been a mulatto, and *Of Thee I Sing*, a harmless satire on political flimflam—but Engel doesn't see much significant happening on the scene before Rodgers and Hart hit their stride. *Pal Joey*, pale as it is today, was revolutionary: it had an anti-hero, an arrogant punk instead of the stock nice young guy, a horny older woman ("Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered") instead of a heroine, a plot that was about people as they really are, and an honest-to-God ballet sequence. All this was in a medium characterized before by some nice isolated songs amid a wilderness of undramatic,



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unimaginative banality. Engel notes that "the best of them, *The Student Prince*, *Rose Marie*, *The Desert Song*, *Show Boat*, are more than forty-five years old and still going strong everywhere but on Broadway. They were simultaneously the high point and the end of musical theatre in this genre."

The twenty-five years between *Pal Joey* and *Fiddler on the Roof* encompassed (not in this order) *The King and I*, *Carousel*, *Annie Get Your Gun*, *South Pacific*, *My Fair Lady*, *Brigadoon*, *West Side Story*, *Oklahoma!* and a few others Engel deems genuine American classics. (Curiously, Engel has next to nothing to say about the works of Kurt Weill.)

After 1965? Rock opera, baby, and to Engel that's non-plot, non-characterization, non-relevance, non-expression, featuring words and music akin to those of the old minstrel shows, so restricted in form that they communicate nothing worth hearing.

This veteran musical theatre man believes that the present is only a dry spell out of which new directions will emerge. He does see interesting things, though, in Stephen Sondheim's *Company*, a musicalized character study related to the structures of Pinter, Albee and Doris Lessing in that it has no formal plot and comes to no specific conclusion.

(In fact, Engel's interim advice to aspiring theatre writers and composers is to study successful novels and straight stage pieces. He reminds them that only one honestly good musical show in the past forty

years—*Lady in the Dark*—did not originate in another medium.)

Along the way, the author, who has a waspish humor, takes out after theatre critics, notably the powerful Clive Barnes of *The New York Times*, an Englishman whom Engel feels has no grasp of American life and character. Of critics in general, Engel doubts that a major artistic endeavor can be assimilated, much less evaluated, in the few minutes between the final curtain and the morning press deadline. He's right, of course, but what's the alternative? Barnes can kill a good show—Engel supplies specifics on this—but a newspaper blackout can kill it even more swiftly.

*Words With Music*, for all its concentration on structure and mechanics of musical stagecraft, will stimulate those who have more than a passing interest in the subject. This is one textbook (who remembers another one?) that can be read for sheer pleasure.

\* \* \* \*

*Escape From the Shadows*—Robin Maugham, \$8.95. McGraw-Hill.

The shadows from which Robin, Lord Maugham confesses that he has never been able to escape are those of his stiff, unloving father, a great lawyer who was briefly Lord Chancellor of England, and of his Uncle Willie, one of the few authors in history who became a millionaire solely on his writing.

This is not Robin Maugham's first narrative about himself and his family, but it is the frankest statement anybody in that eerily guilt-ridden clan has yet seen fit to put in print. At the age of 55, the

younger Maugham looks back on a laudable public career as a British intelligence man in the Middle East, an author and screenwriter, and a private life as a homosexual who, in the unhappy British tradition, failed to face up to himself until relatively late in life.

His is a classic pattern of homosexual development: schoolboy dabbling, encounters in the wartime Army, abandonment to the sexual freedom of North Africa. Then the love affairs with younger men, synopsized in this book as one lower-class youth, a sailor who gave himself willingly enough as long as the relationship paid off.

Robin Maugham dislikes being compared to Uncle Willie, but the comparison is inevitable. The present Maugham often has Somerset Maugham's gift of felicitous, seemingly effortless expression and a marvelous ability to put across a character although at times the writing is schoolboyish and forced. His account of a desert journey with a straight Arab boy to whom he is hopelessly attracted is a genuinely moving universal experience. His meeting with Glubb Pasha, the legendary Englishman revered by Arabs, conveys more about that awesome character than T.E. Lawrence, who knew him well, managed in a deluge of words.

But the parts about Uncle Willie were bound to be the best. Here he is, rolling in parsimonious luxury on the Riviera, sneaking off to Switzerland for his secret monkey-gland treatments, bitching everybody right and left. his all-too-sharp

(Continued on Page 38)

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## BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 37)

mind ever watchful while his aged body literally shrivels under him. William Somerset Maugham was, in a word, memorable. His was a shadow impossible to shake off. That Robin Maugham has achieved a worthwhile life beneath the shadow is a hell of an accomplishment.

Those who care know by now about Uncle Willie and his schizophrenic approach to sex, but *Escape From the Shadows* is the most vivid close-up of him we may ever have. Robin Maugham gives the impression here that he has said everything he is ever going to say on the subject.

(The death late in March of Sir Noel Coward casts a particular poignance on a beautiful scene in which Sir Noel and Robin visit the dying old man, who breaks into tears at the realization that he and Coward have been friends for fifty years.)

Donald Warman

\*\*\*\*\*

*Mother Camp: Female Impersonators in America* (Prentice-Hall, \$2.25) began as a doctoral dissertation and is issued by a textbook publisher as part of a series called "Anthropology of Modern Societies." The author, Esther Newton, is identified as being connected with the State University of New York.

Her research involved exhaustive interviews with impersonators in New York, Chicago and Kansas City, some of whom affect drag off as well as on the stage. The word

"exhaustive" is deliberate: what Miss Newton reveals is an uneasy group of entertainers so constricted within their specialty that they are the victims of their straight employers, fluctuating police policies, and their private "friends," who tend to be hustler-boy types.

The picture presented is a dismal one. Miss Newton finds common denominators of helplessness and self-loathing throughout the field. The report is undoubtedly valid. Thus, male whores and drag queens would do well to avoid reading it; it tells them more about themselves than they may care to know, yet it is not to be considered a definitive book but one worth perusing due to the scarcity of books on the subject from any source. The illustrations are poor and only two of the performers featured are known on the West Coast: Skip Arnold and Lynn Carter.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The Dream Girls* by William Murray (Dutton, \$5.95) comes on as if it were going to be the definitive, no-holds-barred account of the desperate, even sordid length to which a girl must go to grab even the slimmest foothold on a movie-TV career.

The writer's narrative is practically a day-by-day report on two years in the life of a nice enough, attractive enough girl named Melinda Cobb. It begins with her failure to get something going on Broadway and ends with her about to star in a quickie about vampires. In between, Melinda attends a Lee Strasberg acting course, does a TV com-

mercial spot, and runs away from a movie assignment when she finds out it's for a pornographic nudie.

Those are just the highlights. Most of what happens is that she waits, makes a few friends in the same boat, and looks for an agent who is both honest and effective. It isn't made clear if Melinda is real or pseudonymous, or even perhaps a composite of a number of kids whose stories are just as routine, just as predictable.

The author, whose bent is for journalism, writes as if he had been present throughout the action. Patiently he was not. Not that it matters; the reader's only possible interest may be in figuring out the actual identities of some of the kinky, rapacious Hollywood types with whom the protagonist involves herself in her dreary pursuit of what could only be an undistinguished career. Melinda herself is, first and last, a dull girl.

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(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 39)

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